THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE SUICIDE BANKER.

Remarkable Career of That Marvel Among Swindlers and Traitors, John Sadleir, Bill Keogh's Notorious Partner in Crime.

What Came of It All at Last—One of the Most Sickening Tragedies in History.

BY A. M'SULLIVAN.

Side by side with the political movements and events that landed Mr. Sadleir on the Treasury bench, financial schemes of the most ambitious character had occupied his mind. He early noted how fortunes might be made out of the ruin of Irish landed proprietors in the Encumbered Estates Court. He got up a "Land Company" to purchase the properties just then being sold at from seven to thirteen years' rental, with a view to reselling them subsequently at the advance which he knew would take place. His connection with the Tipperary Bank brought him into association with the magnates of Lombard street; and ere long he was chairman of the London and County Joint-Stock Bank. Higher, still higher, grew his aims, bolder and more daring his schemes and speculations. He was in Italian, American and Spanish railways. He was deep in iron; and at one time, it is said, he owned every cargo of sugar in port or at sea between England and the Indies.

Amid the hoarse roar of denunciation which hailed the desertion of the Brigade to Lord Aberdeen's camp, there came the bold assurances of the *Weekly Telegraph* that all was right. Nay, virtuous indignation was manifested at the injustice of condemning those gentlemen before their explanation had been heard. They were in no hurry to offer any; but substantially their story was this: "Lord Aberdeen had not repealed the Titles Act, nor undertaken to do so; but he is the Catholic's friend. He fought against the 'No Popery' penal legislators; he is on terms of respect and regard with our bishops. He has not passed a tenant right bill, nor undertaken to do so; but he wishes the cause well, and will probably deal with the question. To oppose such a man we should act side by side with our deadly enemies, the Tories. His accession to power is the virtual defeat of Lord John Russell, who passed the Titles Bill, and of Lord Derby, who assisted it."

The Tenant League was rent in twain by the Sadleir defection. Not merely the League, the country at large, was split into fiercely-hostile parties, one making the heavens resound with execrations of the forsworn Brigadiers, the other as stormily defending them.

At this point of Irish political history the political influence and authority of the Catholic bishops received a shock which has considerably influenced Irish affairs down to the present day.

Mr. Sadleir and Mr. Keogh had, of course, to present themselves for re-election in their boroughs of Carlow and Athlone. The Leaguers flung themselves with energy into the work of defeating them. In both places it was found that the Catholic prelates and clergy supported the Brigade leaders. This news created consternation. A deputation consisting of Frederick Lucas, M. P., George H. Moore, M. P., Rev. T. O'Shea, C. C., and Rev. Dr. Kearney, P. P., on the part of the Tenant League, proceeded to Carlow to oppose Mr. Sadleir. The local clergy denounced them as intruders, and they had to quit the town. It was still worse at Athlone, where every one was overjoyed at Mr. Keogh's good fortune. Stunned, alarmed at the probable effects of this approval of a disregard for public obligations, the League leaders appealed to the Catholic bishops and clergy of Ireland to speak out promptly and say was it conducive to public morality that pledges so solemnly and explicitly made to the people should be violated on the first opportunity with the sanction of Catholic ecclesiastics. From the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, came a ready and emphatic response. Standing as he did at the head of the Irish episcopacy in political weight and influence, it was not unnaturally expected that a pronouncement from "the Lion of the Fold of Judah," as O'Connell had designated him, would have been accepted as decisive. No Catholic prelate in Ireland had filled so large a place as he in Irish affairs for more than a quarter of a century; none at all approached him in popularity. He had been fondly looked up to by the Irish Catholic millions as an episcopal O'Connell—a guide who was "always right," a champion whom nothing could dismay. He addressed a public letter to Mr. G. H. Moore, M. P., on the question of the day, "as a clear case of conscience, which, when stripped of all other relations of policy, or expediency or private interest, or prophecies of increased good, or probabilities of qualified evil, with which it is sought to obscure and confound it, is too clear for debate or conflicting decisions." Then he went on to say: "On the strict and religious obligation of fidelity to such covenants there can be no controversy—an obligation the more sacred and binding in proportion to the numbers committed to such engagement, and to the magnitude and sacredness of the interests which they involve. Dissolve the binding power of such contracts, and you loosen the firmest bonds by which society is kept together."

The Catholic bishops of Meath and Kildare expressed themselves to a like effect. But at the points of critical importance, in the boroughs where the rejection of the Brigade leaders might have had a telling effect on the controversy, it happened, fortunately for them, that the local bishops indorsed their course. This conflict between ecclesiastical authorities on a grave question of public morality greatly scandalized the people. Everyone looked for a declaration from the new Archbishop of Dublin, the Papal Legate. None came. Soon his silence received a dark construction. His uncle, the Rev. James Maher, P.P., was one of Mr. Sadleir's strongest supporters in Carlow; and it became manifest that Dr. Cullen's influence, in Ireland and at Rome, was certain to be given, negatively, or positively, on the side of Lord Aberdeen. This was partly his own judgment on things as they presented themselves to his view. But there was a whisper at the time of rather curious negotiations privately pushed between London, Vienna and Rome, as to the claims of the new Premier on "the Catholic vote" in the house of commons; and these stories, rightly or wrongly, were connected with the attitude which Dr. Cullen assumed in the subsequent events. It seemed for a moment as if almost a schism would ensue in the Irish Catholic Church over the issue thus precipitated. An open war raged between the sections of the clergy and people who ranged themselves under the banners of Dr. MacHale and Dr. Cullen respectively. The latter maintained a severe silence, but he might as well have openly espoused the cause of Mr. Sadleir and Mr. Keogh; for the *Tablet* and *Nation* treated him as the really formidable protector of those gentlemen. No more violent, no more painful, internecine conflict agitated Irish politics in the present century than that which arose out of this clerical and episcopal condonation and reprobation of the Keogh Sadleir defection from the Tenant League.

Mr. Sadleir was opposed in Carlow by a Tory, Mr. Alexander. The *Freeman*, the *Nation* and the *Tablet* exhorted the people to vote for Alexander, all Tory as he was, rather than for the new Lord of the Treasury. The *Weekly Telegraph* and the *Evening Post* cried out in horror against this unholy union of Orange Tories and renegade Catholics in opposition to the protégé of the bishop, the favorite of the priests, the champion of the Pope, the bosom friend of Lord Aberdeen. After a severe contest, Mr. Sadleir was rejected by an adverse majority of six votes. In Athlone, however, Mr. Keogh was not only triumphant, but the Catholic bishop, Dr. Browne, ostentatiously identified himself with the laudable advancement of so good a son of the church. Soon after a vacancy was found for the Lord of the Treasury in Sligo, where by shameless bribery and terrorism he headed the poll. A parliamentary committee said so it had been; but as Mr. Sadleir was held to have no personal knowledge of those crimes, his seat was secure.

In Ireland, centuries of a cruel penal code had kept Catholics from every post of prominence or distinction in the public administration. The Emancipation Act had, indeed, declared them no longer ineligible for such offices by reason of religious faith; but (as Mr. Peel at the time pointed out to some unnecessarily alarmed Protestants) declaring men not disqualified was one thing, actually appointing them was another. From 1829 to 1849 the Emancipation Act was little more than an abstract declaration, for any substantial change that the people could see in the old regime. "Catholic appointments" came to be regarded as the great test of government liberality. The placing of Catholics in important public offices, especially as judges on the bench, was looked upon as the practical application of the Emancipation Act; and the ministry who should make the act a reality would be ranked very nearly as highly as those who had enacted it as a theory. In Dublin, at Vienna and at Rome, Lord Aberdeen, through able and astute Catholic intermediaries, pledged himself to this view; and unquestionably he meant it. What greater proof, it was asked, could he give of his feelings and intentions on this point than the fact of singling out for high positions under his administration the most prominent and demonstrative Irish opponents of the Titles Bill—the men whose ultra Catholicism had rendered them most obnoxious to English Protestant prejudices?

This aspect of the transaction unquestionably impressed many of the Irish bishops irresistibly. And they persuaded themselves that, even on the tenant question, Lord Aberdeen's dispositions were likely to go beyond anything otherwise practicable. Moreover, the new political idea or rule of independence of and opposition to *all* administrations" was too great and too sudden a change from the traditional alliance of the Irish popular party with the English Liberals. The Irish members had indeed "resolved" it at the conference, but not more than a third of their number really meant it. The wrench was too severe. On its very first application the new rule broke down. The popular mind had not been educated yet beyond the one point of always opposing the Tories, "who never gave Catholics anything."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

HYMENEAL.

TALTY-DOWNING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 25.—The marriage of Mr. M. F. Talty and Miss Marguerite Downing, daughter of the late Col. P. J. Downing, of this city, was celebrated at St. Aloysius church, Feb 25, at 2 o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. J. Cowardin, S. J., of St. Ignatius church, Baltimore, Md., assisted by Rev. Fathers Gillespie, pastor, and Mandalari, Ciampi, Byrne and Dolan, of St. Aloysius church; Daugherty, of Georgetown University, and Noel, of Collington, Md. The bride, handsomely attired in a costume of cream bengaline, entered the church on the arm of her brother, Mr. Rossa F. Downing, to the strains of the ever popular "Lohengrin Wedding March." She was preceded by her bridesmaids, Miss Marguerite Spillane, in pale crepe de chine, and Miss Helen Talty, in pink crepe de chine, and Messrs. D. J. Downing, E. J. Hall, O. W. Brown and A. N. Shoepf, ushers. The bride and bride's maids carried in their hands bouquets of Marguerites, while the ushers wore boutonniers of the same flower. At the altar the bridal party was met by the groom and his best man, Mr. J. C. Eckloff. The altar was elaborately decorated with Marguerites and presented a beautiful appearance. Notwithstanding the early hour the church was filled with the friends of the bride and groom. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Downing, of Brookland, D. C., Miss Frances Chartres, cousin of the bride, and Miss Annie Rogers, both of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Fred Griffith, of Baltimore, Mr. James Spillane, of Newark, and Mr John McNamy, of Columbus, Ohio.

The bride was the recipient of many valuable presents. Mr. and Mrs. Talty left the city at 4 o'clock for an extended trip to the West Indies. They will be at home to their friends on Mondays in April, at 1024 North Capital street.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I

Through the gloom of a starless night
All over the welcoming sky
There flashes a heavenly light—
As a planet broad and bright—
That, passing in splendor by
O'er land and deep,
Bids a world awake from its sleep
And the old king worshippers die!
And there in its lucent beams
The sage's and poet's dreams
Pant into life from shore to shore,
And warm the hearts of men once more;
While despots quail
In the fiery glow
Of its vengeful trail
Whose hot gleams go
Scorching to death the cancered crimes
Of those olden times—
The hoary sins of the long ago.
Like a beacon upon a crest,
Like a light from the mountains tall,
It shines from the West—the glorious West,
And its luster falls on all!
Oh, brilliantly near and far
It pierces the shadows dun,
For 'tis the star—the natal star
Of the great George Washington!

II

His sword was an Aaron's rod,
For at its touch right joyously
The fountain streams of liberty
Gushed forth in glory from the sod,
Refreshing all the arid land,
The live ones' homes, the dead ones' graves,
Till men no longer would be slaves,
And freedom walked from strand to strand.

His voice was as a clarion call
That with the magic of its breath
Bade sire and son on hill and heath
To stand for Right, or fighting fall:
His word was as a prophet's speech,
God-nerved, and resolute, and true—
True to the deeds his hands would do,
For what he practiced he did preach.

From chaos' self he carved a soul,
With hopes and aspirations high,
That shall not droop, that shall not die
As long as planets 'round us roll.
He hushed a nation's agonies,
And raised her ashes from the dead:
A desert blossomed 'neath his tread
To rich gold meads and flow'ry leas.

And so today with joy serene
A people hail him as the grand,
Great father of a motherland
Of motherlands the peer and queen!

III

Baptised in the blood of her bravest and best, a conqueror in the strife,
This young land sprang in its vestal robes from the lap of death to life,
The flagstaff of liberty firmly held in the grasp of her upturned hand,
On her brow the star of a godly hope for the slaves of every land;
In her eyes the gleaming light that tells of a future of joy and bliss,
When the sword shall yield to kindly speech, and the world be poised on a kiss;
When men shall be brethren everywhere with love as their only thrall,
And Washington be from his home in the skies the Patron Saint of all!

IV

So long as humanity kneels
At the altar of liberty;
So long as a heart-pulse feels
A throbbing desire to be free;
While soul goes out to soul
In quest of a higher goal—
The crowning crown of the days to be;
So long as the rivers run
From mountain and o'er lea
To the depths of the deep blue sea;
So long as the stars and sun
Go whirling through endless space,
So long shall the human race—
Proud of the laurels he won—
Of the deeds by the hero done—
Honor the name
And peerless fame
Of great George Washington!

You Can Rely

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

THE ACTORS' FUND.

Eleanor Kirk Believes in Doing Something for Those Who Have Constantly Cheered and Entertained Us.

Chauncey Depew Pays a Great Compliment to the Ability of Women Reporters, at the Woman's Press Club Banquet.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Feb. 29.—A National Fair will be held in the Madison Square Garden, New York city, the first week in May. It will be for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, and is called the Actors' Fund Fair. It may seem somewhat premature to call the attention of my readers to this occasion, but as I want all of them who love their fellow creatures and can afford to demonstrate this affection in a practical manner, to do something, this notice is none too early. We must remember that these are the people who have so constantly cheered and entertained us, and to whom we owe so much.

The Actors' Fund is for the benefit of the old, sick and needy of the dramatic profession, and surely there cannot be a worthier cause. If there are any who are tempted to say that fairs are bores, and they have no time to devote to such preparations, take a few minutes off and think of what the actors are always doing for the old, sick and needy *outside* of the profession. As far as my experience goes, and that is some distance, no charitable service was ever asked of an actor, or a body of actors, that was not immediately and enthusiastically responded to. They may be weary or ill, or wading through deep waters of affliction, but if they are able to stand upon their feet, they are never known to refuse to play for a benefit, or to contribute whatever they can afford to every case of need. "Turn about is fair play," and so let us all unite and send in our gifts for the most noble charity. I would like to touch the heart of every woman who can make a pretty, saleable article, from Maine to California, and the men and women who can afford to give from their abundance. I wish these friends would correspond with me upon the subject, and tell me what they will do. I will give them any information they may desire, and help them in every possible manner. I have pledged myself to secure all the assistance I can get, and I am sure my readers will come to the front.

All the large stores are now getting ready for the spring trade, and before long the great plate glass windows of our mammoth establishments will be filled with charming novelties.

Best & Co., of the Lilliputian Bazaar have just offered two prizes, one for $75, and another for $25, for a fifteen hundred word article on the care of infants to be delivered at 60 West Twenty-third street, N. Y., on or before March 15th, which they propose to publish in their infants' catalogue. Here is a splendid chance for writers who are posted on this subject, because the articles that are good and do not draw the prize will doubtless find favor in other quarters.

This unique establishment, in fact the only house of the kind in the world where every possible garment from infant to adult life can be obtained, is a great favorite with all children. They note the changes of style at this place with all the interest of their elders, and the joy of the man's suit and the woman's costume is always a little dimmed by having to leave the bazaar.

Mrs. George Gould's little black eyed boys standing upon the counters as they are fitted with waists, and gloves, and canes, and embroidered jackets, are cunning little fellows, but not more so, with all their millions, than the children of other mothers who have to save up in order to purchase the natty little suits which are so satisfying to the hearts of women of good taste.

"I get boughten suits for my boys," I heard a farmer's wife remark as I looked over the stock of Best & Co. the other day. "I always get something right here every time I come down. You don't ketch me buying good stuff and having it botched and spiled." That woman was wise in her generation, for cheap material tastefully and fashionably made is a thousand times preferable to the very best fabrics cut awry and "botched and spiled."

Surely an establishment that contains the most expensive garments for those who are able to pay for them, and the least expensive, but equally well and fashionably made, for the owners of slender purses, is unique, but such is the Lilliputian Bazaar.

The Woman's Press Club has made a clear $2,500 from the Casino benefit. Mr. Chauncey Depew, in his opening speech, paid a great compliment to the courage perseverance, and ability of our sex generally. He felt that every thing was going on about right, but he winced a little when he spoke of them as future interviewers. "I am awakened," he said, "in the gray dawn by the tidings that a reporter wants to see me. The reporter is now a man and I can put him off with taffy when he wants meat, but I couldn't do that with a woman. She would get at the truth in spite of me. Why, if a woman had been detailed to find out Blaine's intentions, she would have known all about them six weeks ago. Reporters have been running down to Lakewood for the last month seeing what they could unearth about Cleveland's plans, and they don't know any more to day then when they began, but if bright woman had been assigned to the case, she would have slipped over there, played with Ruth for an hour, and been in possession of every thing that the public is so anxious to know."

This was very nice, and Mr. Depew doubtless believed most that he said, although we are prepared to discount somewhere from a third to a half on account of the occasion. But one statement he made had far more truth in it than he was aware of. A woman did know three months ago that there was no slightest likelihood of Mr. Blaine's going into the coming campaign. She knew it because she saw him and talked with him, and carefully noticed his speech and his manner. He did not make known his determination. It was not necessary. When I asked the lady why her husband, who is a politician, did not give some intimation of this to his party, she replied, "Why, my dear, my husband did not see what I did, and he does not believe that I am correct, but I would stake my life on it. He saw what he wanted to see. I saw what really existed."

ELEANOR KIRK.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Very Rev. John P. Friedon, S.J., is a guest at St. Ignatius College.

A mission for men began last Sunday at the Sacred Heart Church, conducted by the Rev. Henry Muller, S.J.

Friday being the first Friday of the month the usual devotions to the sacred heart of Jesus took place.

The Rev. Father Healey, the African missionary will deliver lectures in St. Cecilia's school hall Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 7 and 8.

A committee of priests of the school board appointed by the archbishop examined the Sacred Heart parochial school, Eighteenth and Johnson streets, this week.

A mission for married men will begin in the Jesuit Church on West Twelfth street tomorrow (Sunday) evening. The Rev. Father Finnegan will conduct the exercises.

Brother Fabian, representing the "Ave Maria" of the Notre Dame University, has just returned from an extended tour throughout the West in the interest of that institution. He will be at No. 184 North Paulina street till July 1.

The Right Rev. Bishop Bonacum, of Lincoln, Neb., visited the Sacred Heart rectory last week on his way to La Crosse to attend the consecration ceremonies of Bishop Elect Rev. J. Schwebach, D.D.

Last Sunday there was a solemn high mass at the Holy Family church, followed by a solemn procession of the blessed sacrament, preparatory to the forty hours' devotion, which began immediately after and continued till Tuesday night. There was solemn benediction Monday evening, when the exercises closed with solemn procession.

A concert was given Monday evening at Central Music Hall for the benefit of the new church of the Holy Name. The entertainment, which was under the supervision of Miss Grace Adelaide Wilson, was a success financially and otherwise. The programme was well received and embraced both vocal and instrumental pieces. The singing of Miss Wilson and the violin solos of Theodore Breslin received special approval, as did the harp solo by Mrs. Clara Murray.

Fully 900 people were present at the musical and dramatic entertainment at the new St. Mary's Catholic church in Evanston last Monday night. In addition to the Russell quartette and Prior's orchestra the church choir and Mrs. J. L. Connors and Miss Frances Fitzsimmons sang several selections. The entertainment concluded with a one-act farce entitled "John Wopps." At the close of the programme the younger people adjourned to the hall in the new Oliver Block and enjoyed a dance and supper. Over $500 was cleared, which will go toward liquidating the expense in erecting the new church.

An appeal in aid of the poor in charge of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was made and a collection taken at all the masses in the Holy Family Jesuit church last Sunday. The suffering of the deserving poor this season is unsurpassed, and hence this second appeal was made in their behalf.

The last entertainment for the season of the Sodality lecture course took place Monday evening in the Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh streets. A special effort was made by the management to make this excel in every way possible all former entertainments, and the selection of the best talent was successful. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the programme: Miss Marcella Reilly, Miss Lydia Donoghue, Messrs. E. J. Quinlan, Earl R. Sykes, Hovey Rogers, Guy G. Baker, J. H. Robson, Carl Baier, and Will Milner. The Rev. J. N. Poland, professor of rhetoric in St. Ignatius College, delivered a lecture; subject: "Satan's Patch Work."

The following circular letter has been issued by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan to the reverend clergy of the archdiocese:

"Reverend and Dear Sir: Owing to the universally prevailing sickness, by a faculty from our Holy Father, the Pope, the faithful of every class are entirely dispensed from all obligation of fast and abstinence during the approaching Lent. At the same time, his Holiness desires that the faithful may be liberal in works of charity and mercy. The reverend pastors will, with their usual zeal, afford every opportunity and facility to their people of complying with their religious obligations during the holy season. The time for filling paschal duty extends from the first Sunday of Lent to Trinity Sunday, both included. The annual collection for the Indian and Negro missions, and for the propagation of the faith, will be made in all the churches of the archdiocese on the first Sunday of Lent. The proceeds to be forwarded as soon as possible to the chancellor. Our Holy Father, the Pope, has enjoined that a collection be made in the various churches on Good Friday, or some other convenient day, for the Holy Places in Palestine in care of the Franciscan Fathers. The amount will be sent to the chancellor in due time. I remain, reverend and dear sir, yours faithfully in Christ,

✠ P. A. FEEHAN,
Archbishop of Chicago.

Columbus Club's Third Annual Ball.

The third annual ball of the Columbus Club was given at Kinsley's Friday night of last week. At 9.30 the guests began to arrive, but it was not till 10:30 that the grand march was commenced. A reception preliminary to the dance was given in the parlors below the ball room. The floor managers were M. St. P. Thomas, T. F. Mullaney, C. S. Winslow, William A. Doyle, T. E. Guerin, and J. Ward Amberg. One hundred and fifty couples took part in the grand march, led by Z. P. Brosseau, vice-president of the club, and Mrs. D. Murphy. Luncheon was served at 12:30. Valisi's Mandolin Orchestra rendered the following music:

"Songe d'amour apres le bal." Cz bulka; "Sobre las olas Valse," Rosas; "La Paloma," Yradier; "Funiculi-funicula," Denza; "Addio a Napoli," Rebaudi; "Santiago Valse," Corbin; "Cavalleria Rusticana-Intermezzo," Mascagni; "In Old Madrid," Trotere; "Angels' Serenade," Braga.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Quinlan, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hennesberry, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Amberg, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Judge, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Gallery, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Devlin, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Crookey, Mr. and Mrs. James Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Z. P. Brosseau, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Onahan, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Young, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Pesquin, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Plamondon, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Amberg, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Plamondon, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Burne, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Bremner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donnersberger, Mr. and Mrs. M. McDarmott, Mrs. and Mrs. C. P. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. John Naughten, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Healy, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. William M'Donald, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Hanney, Mr. and Mrs. George Plamondon, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Cremin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Cremin, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fenton, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Leibling, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Sullivan, Mrs. J. Maher, Mrs. M. Cudahy, and Mrs. Murphy.

Misses Donohue, Fannie White, R. Gallery, Annie O'Reilly, Sara Gaynor, Agnes Duane, Nettie Hess, Lynch, Margaret Barrett, Mary Cudahy, M. Sullivan, Josie Fortune, Shufeldt, Annie Hogan, Belle Duryea, Theresa Mullaney, Agnes Mullaney, May Cummings, Nellie Walsh, Allie O'Brien, Marion Hunter, K. Wade, A. Walsh, I. Engiere, C. Haley, Ida Lally, Maud Atkins, A. Mullen, S. Mackin, Clo Kehoe, Anna Leahy, A. R. Ward, Rose Brennock, Alice Platt, Agnes I. Graham, Agnes Bremner, Anna Flood, Jackson, Kittie Kelly, Emma Donnersberger, Kate Maher, Minnie Holmes, Benzinger, Mary Onahan and Braunstein.

John J. Gallery, L. E. Nolan, D. F. Kelly, John M. Duffy, Thomas G. Lynch, Timothy J. D'Arcy, J. Sullivan, W. J. Fortune, W. J. Garvy, T. S. Hogan, Charles S. Winslow, T. F. Mullaney, Jos. Bourcese, Maurice St. P. Thomas, E. S. Cummings, M. J. O'Brien, M. D. Tamble, T. P. Wade, F. Goss, W. J. Onahan, J. A. Murphy, Jr., T. E. Guerin, John Brennock, J. W. Sullivan, James Clowry, D. Leahy, C. S. Ward, W. H. Allen, W. B. Marcussos, D. C. Graham, D. F. Bremner, Jr., T. F. Keeley, Oliver Jackson, P. S. Dunne, J. S. Maher, J. W. Amberg, J. P. Brosseau, W. P. Mellon, A. F. Zahn, T. J. Walsh, E. A. Bourque, Washington Hesing.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

How I Made Money.

While visiting my cousin in Illinois last month, I learned she had been making money plating with gold, silver and nickel, using the Lightning Plater, which she told me worked to perfection. After I got home I sent $5 to H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and obtained one of their plating machines and I have now all the work I can do. My brother gets the orders and I do the work, and it is surprising how much work can be had. Everybody has spoons, knives and forks to plate, and you can plate quick and nice. One week I made $12.50 and this last week I made $9 and didn't do much work. As this is my first lucky streak I give my experience, hoping others may be benefited as much as I have been.

CARRIE GRIMES.

It is quite probable that you may need the services of a physician some day; but you can postpone the time indefinitely by keeping your blood pure and your system invigorated through the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Prevention is better than cure.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fenteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER IV.

"Three broken walls remain, with bleached grass
O'erbearded, in the Errew of Lough Conn,
Far at the promontory's point they stand,
Full midway in the waters 'twixt the shore
Of the green Adragool and fertile Baes,
Oh! pleasant in the summer time to lie
'Neath the grey ruin's shade, and list the waves
Moaning a solemn music on the sands:
To breathe the fragrance of full-blossomed thorn
And wild thyme, and the milky odor sweet
Of kine deep-uddered on the pasture-by."

A very lonely and remote place in Errew—the scene of the foregoing events. A hoary, crumbling ruin nestles in solemn repose by the lakeside, at the extremity of a verdant headland. Solitary and desolate is its aspect. The wren and robin flit through its broken windows and build in the fissures of its crumbling walls. The daw finds congenial perch on its grass-grown stones. Still it is haloed, as it were, by memories of centuries of sanctity, of the numerous good and gentle souls that hence took their flight to heaven, of the distinguished men, brave and noble and pious, whose ashes are here gathered together. There rests the dust of the holy founder, St. Tiernan; there also lies that of the celebrated Bishop of Elphin, Thos. Barrett, who flourished in the fourteenth century—"the most eminent man in Ireland for wisdom and a superior knowledge of divinity."

The abbey gave to Cork one of her most illustrious bishops; to Ireland her most devout prelate of the day, the celebrated Giolla Aeda O'Mugin, who gave name to Gille Abbey, near Cork—and it may be added that the founder of the "Beautiful Citie," Finan, or Finbarr, also belonged originally to this district, and had his cell, Both-Finain (Finain's hut) some miles from Errew, at the foot of Nephin.

Time worked stern changes on Errew. The holy Augustinians sustained some annoyance from the rude Welshmen. The MacWattin seized his kinsmen, Henry Barrett, in the church of the abbey in defiance of the rights of sanctuary—"and every night (say the annals) the saint of the place—namely, Tiernan of Errew—appeared to MacWittin in a vision, demanding the prisoner, whose liberation he at length obtained, and MacWittin dedicated a quarter of land for ever to St. Tiernan, as an *eric* (fine) for having profaned the place." But in after years, undeterred by his kinsman's warning, the martial churchman, Bishop Richard Barrett of Killala, when warring against the Burkes, entered the termon of Errew, seized the cattle and sheep that his enemies had placed there for safety, "and would not restore them in honor of the saint." Soon afterwards came Elizabeth's clerkly crew of confiscators; but somehow the friars managed to retain possession of their ancient house till the days of Cromwell.

Tradition told a ghastly story of wrong and persecution done to the gentle brotherhood by a neighboring Cromwellian squire—told of friars drawn asunder by untamed horses, and pointed, in corroboration to a broad dark stain on the wall of the church, where, it was averred, one of the miscreant persecutors had his brains scattered around by a kick from one of the colts employed on the dread occasion.

At length the baneful penal cloud gloomed over Errew, the hunted brethren sadly turned their backs on the old home, and the poor little monastery, blanched and hoary with age, was left to solitude and decay. No more should the tapers gleam on its fallen altar; no more should the chant of psalmody arise in its wind swept chapel.

And such was Errew on the night our narrative takes us thither; just a lonely, roofless ruin, standing stark and wan in the moonlight, affording a very secure place of meeting for the band who looked to Miler na Glanna as their leader.

Not many minutes following the events described in the preceding chapter a low whistle resounded from a clump of thorn bushes in the neighborhood of the ruin. This was immediately answered by the cry of a lapwing from the shore, where several men were leaping on terra firma from a large boat in the neighborhood of where the outlaw and Fergus had landed and where their small bark lay on the shingle.

"'Tis a fine whistler you are, my night bird," said a voice.

"Troth am I—but I know a better one," was the reply that came on the night air.

"And who might that be?"

"The Blackbird!"

"Right you are—success to the Blackbird!"

Several dark forms emerged from the copse and hastened towards the shore.

"Well, Mihaul, is it you?" inquired the foremost of them of the grey haired man who was engaged in mooring the boat.

The latter sighed deeply, took off his hat and wiped his brow, his head shining like silver in the moonlight.

"Yes, Thade, yes—and 'tis the second time today with me to come here. A sorrowful journey, Thade—a hard and sorrowful journey!"

"I know that, Mihaul Crean—may the good saints help you in your loss! Your daughter Aileen was a good, kind hearted colleen, and it went deep to my heart to see the cold clay shoveled over her this morning. Well, may the heaven be her rest this night!"

"Amen!" responded several earnest voices.

"We're likely to find the captain in the abbey, for there's his boat on the shore," remarked he who was addressed as Thade. "Come on, boys; if h's there there's no use in keeping him in delay."

The group moved towards the ruin, but ere they reached the dark en rance Fergus O'Ronan emerged from it, followed immediately by Miler na Glanna. To their surprise they saw that the latter bore a female form in his arms—a form wrapped in his own cotamore.

"Is Michael Crean here?" he eagerly demanded.

"Here he is, Miler," answered the old man, stepping forward; but next instant he uttered a wild cry.

"Aileen! Aileen avourneen!"

"Father—dear father!" faltered a weak female voice, at which all the men started in intense surprise.

"Take her, Mihaul—take her away, my man—your own daughter Aileen, rescued from the cold clay, from the worms! Here, take her once more to your heart."

And the Rapparee deposited his burden in the arms of Mihaul, whose aged eyes filled with tears of joy.

"My own sweet colleen—my own heart's love!" he exclaimed in rapture as he tenderly embraced the child thus strangely restored to him.

"Take good care of her," continued the outlaw; "keep her well wrapped up, and take her to the nearest house. It will be soon enough in the morning to row her back to her home. Good-bye, Aileen alanna—good bye, and may heaven bless you."

He tenderly kissed the white hand of the resuscitated girl, whom her father and two of the men now conveyed towards the glimmer that betokened a distant cabin. The remainder of the band followed Miler as he turned back again into the ruin.

"Well, captain, what luck?" inquired one of them.

"Fair on the whole, Shemus," responded the leader with an exulting laugh. 'I have chanced on a glorious treasure tonight. See—"he hointed to the empty coffin—"I have robbed that empty casket of a most precious jewel. My luck on the road was not much—luckily for his gold the lord of Manor Gore thought well to remain in Foxford for the night—but here is a recruit I have picked up in my travels.

"A recruit—young Fergus O'Ronan!" exclaimed some of the men in surprise—neighbors of Fergus, his and their recognition being mutual.

"Yes, boys," replied Miler; "young Fergus O'Ronan, and the making of a splendid Rapparee.

And he briefly related the manner of his meeting with the young man, and the circumstances that had led to that meeting—Fergus' rencontre with Canwore at the hedge school, etc.—which drew a murmur of applause from the band.

A word as to the body of men that acknowledged Miler of the Glen as their leader and called themselves "Rapparees." The original bearers of that name—given them from their favorite weapon, the *rapair*, or short pike—were the peasant guerillas who served on the Jacobite side in the war of the revolution, and who from their woods and fastnesses kept up a desultory warfare against English rule long after the Irish troops had sailed for France; men whose dashing leaders—"Galloping O'Hagan," of Clare, Emon na Knock and Ever Joyce, of Galway, and others—are still remembered in song and tradition. Most of these were of course long gone the way of all flesh. But they were not without successors. As long as unjust and iniquitous laws reign in a country, so long, it usually happens, will there be "illegal societies" to wage stern war against them. True, the power and prestige of the Rapparees had greatly fallen during the previous quarter of a century; but still the persecuted people, goaded and downtrodden by the ruthless ascendancy, kept banding and combining for self-defense for retaliation on their enemies.

These associations were Jacobite to the core, in a period when Jacobitism was almost synonymous with nationality. Their dearest hopes were centred in the son of James II, in the prince who kept state at Rome as King James III; and many an earnest prayer they breathed for the return of "the king across the water"; many a time did they surreptitiously wear the White Cockade in his honor, and sing "Drimin dhu dheelish" and the "Black bird."

The men who were assembled in Errew numbered about three dozen. Of these only about half a dozen were bonafide outlaws, men for whose capture rewards were offered by the government. The rest were persons unsuspected by the authorities, peasants goaded to vengeance by the bitter smart of wrong and oppression.

"Well, Fergus avic, you're heartily welcome into the band, and I hope you'll make a good and staunch brother," said a stalwart fellow as the Rapparee concluded his relation.

He shook the young man warmly by the hand, and the example was followed by all his associates save one—a tall, lanky individual, with a read aead and a cunning sallow countenance — a man beneath whose cotamore g eamed the brass barrel of a blunderbus.

"A gossoon like this to be a Rapparee! No, Miler na Glanna, I'm afeared you've done a foolish thing entirely to bring among us a *sprissogue* of this sort."

"What do you mean, Shawn Loftus?" demanded Barrett.

"I mean what I say—that it's too hard to expect us to place our lives in the hands of a youngster like this, who may hang us any time he pleases by turning informer."

"Informer!" ejaculated Fergus with an angry flush.

"Shut up, Shawn Rua—you are an ass for your pains," said Barrett sternly; "this young man is not of the mould of an informer."

"True for you, Miler!" exclaimed several voices.

But Shawn Loftus grunted dubiously.

"Well, I'll not gainsay ye, boys," he said at length—"though I'd swear ye'll repent in not taking my advice in the business. Let him be sworn."

"Just so!" exclaimed the men; "swear him—swear him on the Miss Tiernain."

"Have you it with you, Tom O'Flynn?" inquired Miler.

"Here it is, Captain, ready and all," replied one of the men, taking something from a cloth and placing it carefully on a tombstone.

The band reverently uncovered their heads and crossed themselves on behold ing the object thus displayed. In appearance it somewhat resembled an ordinary dish, the outer edge being bound with three thin layers of bronze, the surface with three bands of silver, and there was a round boss in the centre. It showed evidence of a high degree of art in its manufacture; and was adorned with a setting of three stones.

Such was the Miss Tiernain, or Dish of St. Tiernan, one of the oldest and most venerated relics in Connacht. Tradition stated that it belonged originally to the saintly founder of Errew, its alleged use being to wash the celebrant's hands after mass, and that having lain for centuries at the bottom of the lake it was at length found floating on the surface, and was preserved by the O'Flynns—the descendants of the ancient *erenachs* or guardians of the abbey. It was frequently used among the peasantry for the purpose of obtaining evidence on oath—in their own simple "cases" and arbitrations—and for the registering of solemn vows and promises. Many and curious were the tales told of it, the instances given of its efficacy as a truth finder; among others how a married couple who had stolen the fleeces of some sheep falsely declared their innocence on the Miss Tiernain, when the bleating of sheep was heard from the man and wool seem growing under the arms of the woman. Daring and abandoned indeed would be the sacrilegious wretch who would perjure himself on that awful relic.

Fergus O'Ronan had often heard of it, he drew back with very manifest reluctance from the stone on which it lay. He was appalled at the dreadful nature of the oath proffered him. But the claw like hand of Shawn Rua was placed on his shoulder, urging him forward.

"Lay your hand on it, gossoon," he commanded. "Come, Miler—give him the oath."

"What oath? What are your objects, your purposes?" inquired Fergus.

Shawn chuckled, and then, assuming the English tongue—for the conversation had been carried on in the vernacular—in a snuffling tone recited a fragment of the doggerel that 'Ever Joyce" had been wont to append to his Rapparee proclamations, posted up twenty-six years previously on the walls of Galway, Headford, and other places:

"'I love no man whose heart inclines
To put up a stock and ruin the exiles,
For that a snap I shall bestow
With a durable slash to hough ewes.
I am a foe, but not a friend,
And with a courageous heart I do intend
To work my vengeance two and fro,
Upon such as will not to this condele.
Take timely notice before the cry,
For I am the person that does defy,
Both great and small, but God above,
Who loves a man beyond a cow.'"

"No, no, by the bones of my father!" exclaimed the leader impatiently as Shawn Rua concluded, "we have changed our tactics since then. I am a maimer of men—not of sheep or kine—a scourge of tyrants and scoundrels. You have asked our purpose, Fergus O'Ronan. Well, it is to unite against the tyrant, the bigot, the infernal crew that have robbed and oppressed us since the triumph of the Dutch Bill—to unite for the defense of the orphan, for vengeance on the oppressor."

"Ay," growled Shawn Rua, "for vengeance on such men as Gore of Deel Castle, and Wat Ormsby of Cloghans, and Jackson, the soggarth hater, and Cornet Lindsay of Belleek—the men that fine us and duck us, lash us and put us in the stocks, imprison us and hang us. Ha, how sweet our revenge shall be on the whole devil's brood!"

Fergus shrunk instinctively from the speaker. There was a gross cunning and savagery about the man that made him most repulsive, that made his tone jar painfully on the ear.

"Come, avic," whispered the Rapparee impressively, "take the oath. Take it if you want to have staunch and sterling friends at your back—if you want to keep out of prison—if you want to baffle that viper Canwore—if you want to save your mother's grey hairs from sorrow and disgrace."

The last words decided Fergus. With sudden impulse he laid his hand on the Miss Tiernain and mechanically repeated an oath dictated to him by the Rapparee—an oath binding him to be faithful to the band and to obey the orders of his superior officers in it, and invoking a fearful doom on his head in case he failed in its provisions.

"Now you are one of us," said Miler na Glanna gravely. "Be true and loyal to us, boy, for"—here he touched the brass butt of the pistol—"here is one who never fails to make an end of a coward or a traitor."

"What is our business tonight, captain?" inquired one of the men.

"Business enough, ma bouchal. We have a little surprise to arrange for one of the gentry. Tell me—is it true that Blake was hanged this morning?"

"True as gospel!" sternly replied a wan and sunken eyed man; "my poor brother Tom swung in Castlebar today for stealing one of his landlord's lambs to feed his starving wife and children."

"Very well. Tomorrow night Deel Castle shall be burned to the ground. The place of meeting shall be the angle of the wood at Ranna, where every man must come fully armed an hour before midnight."

"But there are dragoons at Deel Castle," remarked somebody.

The Rapparee laughed.

"Only one troop. But never fear—they shall be decoyed ten miles away in pursuit of one Miler na-Glanna. Do you swear to come."

"We swear!" was the unanimous cry.

"Very well, boys; and now let us disperse. Wrap up the Miss Tiernain again, Tom O'Flynn, and come along. Our new recruit and myself are going to spend the night with you. Come along with us, Fergus."

The young man silently obeyed. He walked along, plunged in a troubled reverie. Two chief thoughts agitated his breast, presenting themselves to him with startling vividness. Deel Castle was to be burnt down in two nights' time, and he was to take part in the burning; for——

He was a sworn Rapparee!

"Two nights' time!" chuckled Shawn Loftus, as he stood alone at the abbey portal gazing after the vanishing forms of his companions. "By the piper! the end is near. *Dhar mo lamh*, what a trap Gore and Lindsay will lay for them, and how neatly they will walk into it! Ha, ha, my bold Miler! long as the fox runs, he's caught at last. Soon and sudden shall you and your gang—new recruit and all—be waiting on the hangman, while Shawn Loftus will jingle the bright government gold in his pocket.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The Sand Storms of the Great American Desert.

As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours in enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few in fertile lands ever dreamed of. The Arabian simoon is not deadlier than the sand storm of the Colorado desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express trains cannot make head against it—nay, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crests of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine, white sand that those fearful gales scoop up by carloads from the plain and lift on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snow drifts to blockade trains there, but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand. Man or beast caught in one of those sand laden tempests has little chance of escape. The man who will lie with his head tightly wrapped in coat or blanket and stifle there until the fury of the storm is spent, may survive, but woe to the poor brute whose swift feet cannot bear it betimes to a place of refuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose and throat almost past endurance.—*C. F. Lummis, in February St. Nicholas.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Influenza is raging with great severity in almost every district of Queen's county. The medical officers of health in all the dispensary districts are overpowered with work, and many of them have been obliged to take to their beds, being affected with the prevailing epidemic. The dispensary districts of Portarlington, Ballybrittas, and Mountmellick are now being served by substitutes for the local doctors, who are all laid up. The insidious disease, to which many victims have succumbed since its appearance, shows no sign of disappearing.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

The cattle and sheep fair at Limerick in January comprised about 3,000 animals. The supply was not quite more than a year ago, but the animals, save perhaps some of the young stock, were all in a very forward and fairly finished condition for the time of the year. Buyers were in good attendance, and prices were firm, showing no falling off in the quotations which have prevailed at our principal fairs for some days, at least, past. There was a good demand as stated, and with this state of things in evidence all through the fair, there was not a lot worth the purchase that remained unsold.

The death of the Very Rev Bernard O'Neill, P P., Bagnalstown, has caused deep and wide-spread regret, not only throughout Carlow, but in many districts outside the borders of that county. He was emphatically a good priest and a good Irishman, and his conduct during the last Carlow election, when he so stoutly stood up for freedom of opinion in politics for the Irish laity will long be remembered, with his many other services rendered both to religion and country in the course of a long life. It is such men as he who have won for the Irish clergy the gratitude and affection of their flocks, and it will be an evil day for the church in Ireland if the type of priest which he represented should ever become extinct.

An attractive face—the one that belongs to a thoroughly healthy woman. That's what you'll have, that's what you'll be—if you'll take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The painful disorders and diseases that afflict womankind make themselves seen as well as felt. Dull eyes, a blotched or sallow face, and a wasted form follow them.

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"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chase after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

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[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper, or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City.

IT TICKLES MR. REED.

The Decision Sustaining His Rulings in the House.

CONGRATULATED BY REPUBLICANS.

The Ex-Speaker Always Felt Sure His Method Was Constitutional and Would Be Upheld by the Supreme Court—Senator Vance Takes an Undignified Tumble While Listening to a Speech—Other National Capital News.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Ex-Speaker Reed was sitting at his desk when the news of the decision of the supreme court reached him. He was soon surrounded by Republican members who warmly congratulated him upon his "vindication." Mr. Reed took their congratulations quietly, but it was evident that he was about

EX-SPEAKER REED.

the happiest man in congress. The news of the court's decision seemed to please him immensely, and as he discussed it with his colleagues he chuckled in his quiet way. He said he had always felt sure that the court would sustain his method, and that it was perfectly proper and constitutional for the speaker to count a quorum when members were present and refused to vote,

A Complete Decision.

The reflection that he had been denounced on the floor of the house by his Democratic friends as exercising an unconstitutional and autocratic function gave him great pleasure.

"The decision of the supreme court just delivered," he said, "is full, ample and complete, covering all points and giving entire sanction to all that was done by the house in the last congress. In every variety of expression the court proclaims the doctrine that the presence of a majority of the members constitutes a quorum. That the whole need not participate is settled, their presence being the only essential.

Final and Conclusive.

"The case now stands this way: The supreme court of every state where the question has been up has unanimously decided in favor of us, and now the greatest authority in the land, the supreme court of the United States, has unanimously given that sanction which under our laws is final and conclusive. With every court and every judge one way, who will care to be the other way? To comment in the light of this decision, on the spectacle presented by the Democracy in the house of representatives, on the 29th day of January, 1890, would be cruel."

A Caustic Reply.

Ex-Speaker Reed received a letter from a western man, in which he said:

I have made a bet of $500 with a Democrat here that the present Democratic house has adopted your ruling of what constitutes a quorum, and is now acting under said ruling, or that the rule is now accepted and in force. Will you please answer the above and decide the bet.

This is the caustic answer Mr. Reed wrote at the bottom of the inquiry:

DEAR SIR: The Democratic house has not adopted my ruling, but the supreme court has. Whoever bets that the Democracy have at any time acted with sense should have long odds. Very truly, T. B. REED.

GREAT WAS THE FALL THEREOF.

Vance, the Heavyweight Senator, Takes an Undignified Tumble.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—North Carolina's heavyweight senator, Zebulon B. Vance, took an undignified tumble in the senate chamber Monday afternoon and severely shocked those who guard senatorial dignity so zealously. Senator Pugh of Alabama was reading a speech in the Dubois-Clagett contest election case. Suddenly there was a violent crash, and Senator Vance was sprawling upon the carpet under his desk.

Politely Begged Pardon.

The accident was caused by the giving way of the chair in which he was leaning back drinking in the wisdom of his associate on the committee on privileges and elections. Fortunately he was not hurt, for when he scrambled to his feet he politely begged pardon from the Alabama senator and said he had no intention of interrupting his speech or breaking the force of his able argument. This little pleasantry occasioned a general laugh and Senator Pugh continued his remarks.

The National Legislature.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Bills were reported in the senate and placed on the calendar granting a right of way through the Fond du Lac Indian reservation; to establish a gun factory for heavy ordnance for the Pacific coast. Morrill, chairman of the committee on finance, reported favorably H. R. 5681, "An act to amend an act for the better control of and to promote the safety of national banks," which was passed by the house Feb. 13, 1892. The discussion of the Idaho contested election case was resumed.

The house assembled at noon with a fair attendance. On motion of Geary of California a bill was passed providing for the sale of the Klamath river Indian reservation in California. Lapham of Rhode Island reported from the committee on military affairs a resolution authorizing the loan of ensigns, flags and other military regalia for decorating the streets of Washington at the G. A. R. encampment next September; house calendar. The house went into committee of the whole (Bynum in the chair) on the Indian appropriation bill.

The Legal Tender Dollar.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—In the senate Monday Stanford offered a bill to determine the value of legal tender dollars and providing that all dollars shall be received and paid out in discharge of debts, both public and private, at par, measured by that standard, whether the stamp of the government making the dollar be on gold, silver, paper, or any other material, also that the legal tender value of each dollar issued by the United States shall depend alone on the stamp of the government, and that these shall be an obligation on the part of the government to exchange one dollar for another.

The Fur Seal Industry.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The agents of the government of Great Britain and the United States in the matter of the fur seal industry will probably conclude their sessions this week. It is intimated that their proceedings have not been productive of any tangible results and that they will separate as far apart as when they began upon the questions submitted to them for examination and report. The case of the United States, in the hands of Professors Merriam and Mendenhall, will be prepared with the fullest possible knowledge on the subject.

Compensation of Life-Savers.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The house committee on interstate and foreign commerce has agreed on a bill for increasing the compensation of members of the life-saving service. The bill is reported as a substitute for all measures on the subject, including the senate bill. The compensation of keepers is fixed at $1,000 per annum, and that of surfmen at $75 per month during active service.

Advices from Chili.

NEW YORK, March 1.—A special to The Herald from Valparaiso says: The actual condition of affairs relative to the purchase by Chili of warships from Great Britain is that this country has option until June for the same. It is probable that money will be asked from the Chilian congress to buy the ships. The criminal court is still investigating the Harlow affair. One of the telegraph employes testified that the senders of the dispatches included Harlow and McCreery. Dr. Trumbull has also mailed a statement that Consul McCreery gave the news to various parties relating to the landing at Quinteros bay, for which Admiral Brown has been blamed.

Burned for the Insurance.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., March 1.—Benjamin Fettig has been arrested, charged with arson by his brother Joseph. Joseph and Benjamin started in business in a small way at Kentland. Business did not prosper. One night the store burned. Benjamin collected the insurance, amounting to $4,000, and refused to divide it with his brother, who now confesses that the store was burned for the sake of the insurance, and that Benjamin applied the match. Both men have good reputations here and the arrest is a surprise.

St. Louis Not Anxious for It.

ST. LOUIS, March 1.—At a meeting of local committe of the Prohibition party it was decided that this city would only contribute $1,000 for the national Prohibition convention. The national committee asks $5,000, but that sum is considered exorbitant and the local sentiment is that, if the national committee is not satisfied with the offer of $1,000 they are at liberty to hold the convention where they please. It is said that Cincinnati has guaranteed $5,000, and it is believed the convention will go to that city.

War on the Brotherhood.

CINCINNATI, March 1.—Orders came from the east to the United States Express company's office here to open the fight on the brotherhood by discharging several messengers. Among those who will be relieved are Richard Temple and J. E. Cain on the Monon run to Chicago.

CHICAGO, March 1.—At the office of the United States Express company in this city the night manager said that orders had been received to open warfare on the brotherhood messengers. The names of those to be discharged had not been made known.

Elkins Dines Cardinal Gibbons.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Secretary and Mrs. Elkins gave an elaborate dinner at their residence on K street, in this city, in honor of Cardinal Gibbons. The following guests were invited to meet the cardinal: The secretary of state and Miss Dodge, Senator and Mrs. Kennett, Mrs. Frederick Thomas and Mrs. Hazen, Senator and Mrs. Hawley, Senator and Mrs. Jorman, Senator and Mrs. Stanford, Mexican Minister Romero, Senator and Mrs. McPherson, and Mrs. Hale.

Conflagration at Albany.

ALBANY, March 1.—Fire started in Mather Bros.' wholesale grocery and spread to the surrounding property. For a time it was feared that the famous hostelry, Stanwix hall, would be destroyed, but the firemen after a hard fight got the flames under control. Business places burned were: Mather Bros.; Babcock, Shannon & Co.; Van Slyck & Horton, Banks Bros., L. & B. Bell, S. Ledger. Total loss $200,000.

Steamship Overdue.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1.—The British steamship Brampton, which sailed from St. Jago on the 16th of February for Philadelphia is seven days overdue and no word of her arrival at any port or harbor has caused the gravest fears and it is believed that she has gone to the bottom with all on board. The crew numbered twenty-four men under Captain Dryden.

Ridiculed by Hill's Friends.

ALBANY, March 1.—The story from Washington to the effect that Senator Hill is to marry Mrs. Daniel Manning is ridiculed by the friends of both Mrs. Manning and the senator.

Fireman Price of the Kentucky Central was fatally injured near Cynthia, Ky., by jumping on account of an accident.

It is said that a proclamation is being prepared for the opening of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe lands to settlement. The opening, it is said, will take place on or about March 1.

Robert Foley and Berry Simpson, farmers, living near Nebraska City, Neb., quarreled over the price of corn. Simpson fatally shot Foley and is in jail.

Patrick Martin, a wealthy business man of Bordentown, N. J., was buncoed out of $5,000 by three gold brick swindlers.

Mrs. Deason, whose lover was shot in her bedroom at Cannes by the wronged husband, declined some years ago to be presented to the Prince of Wales upon the ground that such presentation would injure her reputation.

The executive committee of the Texas Bankers' association has issued an address to farmers and business men urging the reduction of the cotton acreage 15 per cent., giving as their opinion that the effect will be to raise prices 30 per cent.

John Seger, moved by jealousy, shot Mrs. Elfirst at Byers, Colo., and then killed himself.

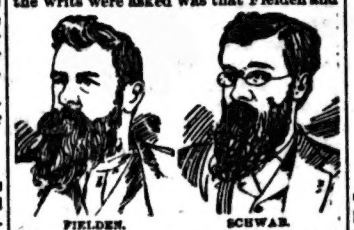
FIELDEN AND SCHWAB.

They Must Terminate Their Lives in Joliet Prison.

THE ANARCHISTS' CASE DECIDED

Decisions of the Lower Courts Affirmed by the United States Supreme Court—The Constitutionality of the McKinley Tariff Act and the Rulings of Speaker Reed Upheld by the Court—Validity of the Barb-Wire Fence Patent.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—The cases of the Chicago anarchists, Fielden and Schwab, who sought release from confinement in Joliet penitentiary through writs of habeas corpus was decided by the supreme court of the United States Monday against the convicts. The contention on which the writs were asked was that Fielden and



FIELDEN. SCHWAB.

Schwab were not present in the supreme court of Illinois when sentence of death—afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life—was pronounced on them. The court holds that sentence of death was not pronounced on the defendants by the supreme court of Illinois, but was passed (when the men were present) by the criminal court of Cook county.

The Decisions Affirmed.

This rule of common law, that a person must be present in court and asked if he has anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, applies, it is held, only to courts of original jurisdiction and not to courts of appeal like the Illinois supreme court. The appellate court, the supreme court holds, simply affirmed the decision of the criminal court and fixed a day for the execution. The writs of habeas corpus are refused and the decision of the supreme court of Illinois and the circuit court of the United States, for the northern district of Illinois, whence the cases came, are therefore affirmed.

M'KINLEY TARIFF ACT.

The United States Supreme Court Declares It Constitutional.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—The McKinley tariff act was declared constitutional by the supreme court of the United States in a decision rendered by Justice Harlan Monday. The cases on which the decision was based were those of Marshall Field of Chicago and of New York merchants who protested against the payment of duties on certain woolen dress goods and other importations on the ground that the McKinley bill was not a legal and constitutional enactment by reason of the omission from the enrolled bill of the tobacco rebate clause, agreed to in conference and contained in the bill when it passed both houses. The court holds this omission does not make the bill illegal. It also holds that the reciprocity and sugar bounty sections of the bill are constitutional. It was contended that the reciprocity section was unconstitutional because it delegated powers to the executive.

The Sayward Case.

The Sayward case, involving the jurisdiction of the United States over Behring sea, was decided by the supreme court against the British government. This does not invalidate the arbitration negotiations now going on between this country and Great Britain, but it would have had its effect against the United States in the negotiations if the court had rendered a different decision. The court also decided the case of the schooner Sylvia Hany, involving points nearly similar, in favor of the United States. Justice Field was the only member of the court dissenting.

Other Decisions.

The supreme court also decided in the worsted schedule case of the United States vs. Ballin Joseph & Co., from the circuit court of New York, that the law is valid. The decision upholds the power of the speaker of the house to count a quorum under the rules of the last house. The court also decides that the contract between the vestry of Trinity church and Rector Warren did not violate the spirit of the anti-contract labor law, and the judgment of the circuit court of New York, imposing a penalty of $1,000, was reversed. The court also affirmed the validity of the barbed wire fence patent, held by the Washburne & Moen Manufacturing company.

Ben Butterworth to Resign.

CHICAGO, Feb. 29.—Benjamin Butterworth, secretary and solicitor general of the World's fair, announced Friday that he would retire from office, leave Chicago and retire to Cincinnati after the annual election of the World's fair directors in April. Major Butterworth's retirement, it is thought, will remove all obstacle to the return of Mr. Lyman J. Gage to the presidency of the local board. His successor will doubtless be a man whose politics will have some influence with the present congress, and that man will probably be Adlai T. Stevenson, who was first assistant postmaster general under the Cleveland administration.

The President Leaves Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The president, accompanied by Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Dimmick, the McKee children, Private Secretary Halford and two maids, left the Baltimore and Potomac station in this city at 11:06 o'clock Friday morning for Virginia Beach via Petersburg and Richmond. The party occupied the private car "Izaak Walton" which was attached to the regular fast mail. The train reached Norfolk at 5:30 o'clock, where a change was made to the narrow guage road to Virginia Beach. Only a few persons were at the station to see the party off.

Victory for the Employes.

OMAHA, Feb. 29.—After a session lasting over three weeks the Union Pacific trainmen and conductors announced that they succeeds in securing nearly all they demanded. The hardest fight was for overtime pay which they secured.

The Behring Sea Question.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—Secretary Blaine and Minister Pauncefote have signed an agreement which has been reached between the United States and Great Britain on the Behring sea question.

AFTER THE WHISKY TRUST.

Its Officers and Directors Indicted Under the Anti-Trust Law.

CHICAGO, Mar. 1.—It was learned here Monday that the grand jury at Boston on Feb. 11 indicted all of the officers and directors of the Cattle Feeding and Distilling company, better known as the whisky trust, for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. The list of indicted men in-

GEORGE J. GIBSON.

cludes Joseph B. Greenhut of Peoria, president of the trust; Herbert L. Terrell of New York, vice president and a director; William N. Hobart of Cincinnati, treasurer and a director; Warren H. Corning of Cleveland, a director; Julius E. French of Cleveland, a director; Nelson Morris of Chicago, a director; George J. Gibson, ex-secretary and a director, and Peter J. Hennessey of Chicago, secretary and a director.

One Arrest Made.

Warrants for the arrest of those officers of the trust residing in this district were issued on Saturday last by United States Commissioner Hoyne. The warrants issued were for the apprehension of Greenhut, Gibson, Morris and Hennessey. The last named was arrested Monday morning and officers are now hunting for Morris and Gibson. Greenhut lives in Peoria, whither officers have been sent to effect his arrest.

STATEMENT FROM MR. BLAINE.

A Few Words About the Marriage and Divorce of His Son.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—Secretary Blaine has furnished to the press a statement relating to the marriage of his son, James G., Jr., to Marie Nevins, and their divorce. He says that he and his family have borne quietly every publication inspired by the young woman, but "the last outrage of the kind, embodied in the decision of a judge at Deadwood, S. D.," says Mr. Blaine, "assumes a character which makes it impossible to remain longer silent." The statement opens with a letter written by Mr. Blaine to Rev. Father Thomas Ducey, who officiated at the wedding at the time, in which he protests against the act of the priest.

Miss Nevins Managed the Wedding.

The arrangements for the wedding, in every detail, the secretary says, Miss Nevins made and was responsible for, and in a minute detailed statement of facts he asserts the falsity of the assertion that Mrs. Blaine broke up the marriage relations of her son and his wife. The latter refused the offer made by the secretary for maintenance of the young couple. Mrs. Blaine at no time in thought, word, or deed, attempted to separate them. "On the contrary," says the secretary, in closing, "she did not fail by liberality, by consideration and by extenuation to foster in every practicable way their happiness, if happiness to them had been possible."

BOODLEISM AT OMAHA.

Indictments Returned Against Members of the City Council.

OMAHA, Mar. 1.—The grand jury has indicted Thomas Tuttle, E. F. Morearity, and B. F. Madsen, members of the city council. Tuttle is a leading stockholder in the Silicon Wall Plaster company, which is being used in the construction of the new city hall, and it is asserted that a deal was engineered by him in securing the contract for his company. Morearity and Madsen are charged with accepting bribes. The Ketchem Furniture company of Toledo secured the contract for furnishing the city hall despite lower bids. This raised a great hue and cry and people demanded an investigation. The city council selected a committee from its own members and after a long drawn out investigation decided that Omaha's councilmen were honest men. But citizens demanded a grand jury which has been in session nearly a month. Other indictments of city officials are expected to follow.

Another Blow at the Commerce Law.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Mar. 1.—Judge Allen of the United States district court Monday morning sustained the demurrer to the indictment against Milton Knight, traffic manager of the Wabash railroad, for violating the interstate commerce law by transporting flour for Litchfield and East St. Louis, Ills., to Montreal for less than schedule rates. The court held that congress has no power to regulate the rates for the transportation of freight from a point wholly within the United States and a point wholly within an adjacent country. This is another and a very severe blow at the interstate commerce law, and it practicly settles all cases in this district.

Claimed by Five Women.

ST. LOUIS, Mar. 1.—Five women, each claiming to be the wife of Gardner W. Greene, of this city, will meet here next Wednesday to attend the trial of Greene for bigamy. Greene is a barber, but was formerly a policeman, and is about 37 years old. The five alleged lawful wives are as follows: Mrs. M. Greene of Kansas; Mrs. L. H. Greene of New Carlisle, O.; Mrs. Mary Greene of Whitehall, Ills.; Mrs. Anna Greene of St. Louis, and Mrs. L. M. Greene of Normandy, Mo.

A 10-year-old son of Professor James A. Willie of Marissa, Ills., was fatally injured by being impaled upon a vicious cow's horns.

Andrew Vidset, who was beaten brutally by Andrew Ledahi at Elmore, Minn., two weeks ago is dead. Ledahi is in jail and will be tried for murder.

Otto Pflin, a young German, stealing a ride on a Northwestern train from Fremont, Neb., to Chicago, was robbed and beaten by two men who were on the platform of a blind baggage car.

1892	MARCH.					1892
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27	28	29	30	31		

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Items of Interest Gathered from Various Sources.

W. E. Gooding, a clairvoyant, will undertake to locate a lost mine in Nevada, which is said to be exceedingly rich.

More than 24,000,000 francs have been expended on the construction of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Paris, and it is estimated that the expenditure of 5,000,000 francs more will be required to complete it.

The Singer Sewing Machine company, exempted by its charter from taxation, is fighting in the courts a Jersey law taxing its works at Elizabethport.

It is said that there has been but one thunder storm in Arizona in fourteen years.

Henry Fielding Dickens, son of the novelist, has been appointed a "queen's counselor," a rank attained each year, in the English law, by a few barristers worthy of the distinction.

Reports of wrecks during the recent gales along the English coast continue to come in. Many lives were lost. A large steamer is ashore at Morris Castle, near Wexford, Ireland.

J. W. McClymonds of Massillon, O., who was elected director general of Ohio's exhibit at the World's fair, has declined the position.

Charles Sherman stabbed and killed James Isom in Peoria, Ills. The men were dissolute characters. Sherman is under arrest.

* * *

B. & H. Bergers' general merchandise store at Malvern, Ark., was burned by incendiaries. Loss about $100,000.

Stockholders of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad have authorized the issue of $70,000,000 in bonds for improvement.

Eastern capitalists are said to be plotting to secure most of the mining lands at Creede, Colo., where rich discoveries of gold were made recently.

Messrs. Lamont and Whipple, of The Monitor, a prohibition paper, published in Rockford, Ills., have purchased the Chicago Ledger, the state prohibition organ. The price paid was $15,000.

John H. Wilderman, a bachelor farmer of Turkey Hill, Ills., is dead, leaving an estate valued at $500,000 to two brothers.

Unless rain falls in Arizona within the next three weeks the losses to cattle owners will be immense, it is said.

Grover Cleveland held a reception at the Hotel Cadillac in Detroit. It is estimated that 15,000 persons grasped the hand of the ex-president.

Melting snow has caused destructive floods in Spain and Portugal.

Charles E. Mears, a New York shoe manufacturer, has assigned.

In drilling his men in the Mets barracks Sergeant Lantzsch of the One Hundred and Thirtieth regiment ordered each in succession to step out and take aim at his eye. A raw recruit named Mungersdorf innocently used a ball cartridge in his rifle, and when he fired the sergeant dropped dead. The recruit is under arrest.

Miss Nellie Chandler of Madison, Wis., has brought suit against the St. Paul Railroad company for $50,000 for injuries received in an accident on the company's line near Viroqua, March 10 of last year.

At Pittsburg Charles Rodrus shot and probably fatally wounded his wife because she refused to share a recently inherited fortune with him.

* * *

In the case of Dr. Scott Helm, surgeon general of Arizona, well known in Chicago and St. Louis, on trial for criminal malpractice at Phœnix, A. T., the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Bishop John M. Walden, of the Methodist church, was made a twenty-third degree Mason in Cincinnati.

General Ivory Pike is a candidate for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor of Illinois, it is said.

A band of Mennonites, who arrived at New York last week and detained at quarantine, have been released. They proceeded to their destination at Nelson, Neb. The men are practical farmers.

Minister Reid has secured from the French government permission for the authorities of the Columbian exposition to send free to France stereotypes of pictures, and other matters to be used in French journals to stimulate interest in the fair.

Burglars were discovered in a store at St. Joseph, Ills., and fired on the proprietors, who returned the shots and wounded one of the men. He was captured.

The owners of the Vienna Volkspresse distributed bread to the unemployed. Six hundred persons were kept busy serving out loaves.

It is said that the Santa Fe road will build a direct line from Stronghurst, Ills., to Hillsboro, Iowa, if Burlington merchants will put a railroad bridge across the river.

A coroner's jury at New York has censured missing Night Clerk Underwood for not sooner discovering the Hotel Royal fire. Building Inspector Leaton was also censured.

S. A. Brooks of Saltillo, Miss., was shot through a window and mortally wounded.

Frederick Haycock, fireman of a Wabash freight train, was killed in a collision near Columbia City, Ind.

State Treasurer Edward S. Wilson has definitely announced that he is not a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor.

Major A. M. Sevier, formerly railway commissioner in Missouri, is dead.

* * *

Fire in the shaft of the Chandler mine, near Duluth, Minn., has been extinguished. Two men sent down were overcome with gas. One of them died.

Dr. John A. Ouchterlong of Louisville has been knighted and decorated by King Oscar II of Sweden.

C. N. Vaughan of Denver is insane from the effects of treatment for drunkenness at Dwight, Ills.

Hedspeth, the train robber, has been identified as one of the participants in a $1,500 diamond robbery at Kansas City in January, 1891.

Willie Hughes was arrested at Jacksonville, Ills., charged with the murder of Mark Hardin in Pike county, Ark.

James Schoville fell through a bridge on the Illinois Central at Woosung, Ills., and was killed.

A bar of gold bullion worth $73,400 has been shipped from Phœnix, A. T. It is the result of a six weeks' run of the Harquahela mine.

Conductor Robert Duffy of the Omaha road died at West Superior, Wis., as the result of injuries received. His father dropped dead when told the news.

Governor Markham of California has decided to declare Labor Day, which is the first Monday in September, a legal holiday.

Mrs. Helen Johnstone of Englewood, Ills., and her daughter, Mrs. Hartman, were fatally injured in a runaway at Minneapolis.

An unknown vandal of Menasha, Wis., cut the main pully ropes, 460 feet long, at the pulley works in seven places, causing a shutdown.

Democratic caucuses were held in Woonsocket and Bristol, R. I., and delegates favorable to ex-President Cleveland's nomination were elected.

At Springfield, Ills., Albert Lee was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for highway robbery.

Henry Klauss, a farmer who lived near Mason City, Ia., committed suicide by shooting.

E. W. Evans of Reutchler, Ills., was sandbagged and robbed at his well. The thieves secured $50 and a gold watch. The watch was found afterward in the mud.

The net indebtness of the world in 1890 was $26,917,096,000.

Italian papers announce that King Humbert will visit England next July.

The city attorney of Milwaukee has advised the administration to sue its former treasurers for the funds appropriated as interest.

* * *

Wheat in southern Minnesota is in bad condition, it is said, on account of a lack of snow. Many fields will be plowed this spring.

Illinois Central switchmen threaten to go on a strike unless John D. Ladd, the company's agent at Cairo, Ills., is discharged.

A bill will be introduced in the Canadian parliament to reimpose the export duty on sawlogs.

J. Painter & Son's west end mill at Pittsburg, containing thirty puddling furnaces, has been shut down owing to dullness in the iron trade.

At Duluth, Minn., the mercury dropped to 6 above zero and the wind blew at the rate of thirty miles an hour all day.

The Russian famine fund in New York is low $33,274.

Jonathan Crago and his wife were killed at Denver, Col., by a Union Pacific railroad train.

Henry Neter of Napanee was lodged in jail at Goshen, Ind., on a charge of criminal assault on his 11-year-old daughter.

The clearing house exchanges for the week show a comparativt increase of 22.8 per cent.

President W. W. Tracy has called a meeting of the Illinois Republican league at Springfield March 10.

The Alliance men of the Second congressional district of Georgia have decided to remain within the lines of the Democratic party.

Negroes at Nashville, Tenn., are making preparations to emigrate to Oklahoma.

At Wabash, Ind., the libel suit of George W. Fawley against The Plain Dealer was decided in favor of the defendant.

A bill was introduced in the house of delegates to make voting compulsory in Maryland under the penalty of a fine. Sickness or absence from legal residence are to be the only acceptable excuses.

John Hulenk of Lewiston, Ills., was gored by a cow and died.

Governor Tillman of South Carolina has refused to grant a requisition for Louis Melcamp, who is wanted in Augusta, Ga., to answer to a criminal charge. The result may be a clash between the state governments.

C. E. Knapp, a Wheeling and Lake Erie brakeman, was arrested at Norwalk, O., charged with forging the name of O. Lenigruber to the road's pay roll and drawing $51.66.

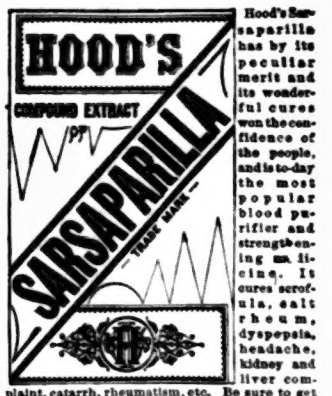
* * *

Colonel C. O. Broadwater, one of Montana's millionaires, who built the Montana Central railroad, has leased his road to the Great Northern and has sailed to Europe with his family for an extended sojourn.

The Chilian government has ordered two more warships from the Armstrongs, the English shipbuilders.

The authorities of the state of Durango, Mexico, have received 150,000 bushels of corn from the United States for distribution among the foreign sufferers.

Carl Hartman, aged 18 years, and Edward Shaffe, aged 16 years, died at Rochester, Pa., from eating roots supposed to be sassafras. Mrs. Martin Hartman and her daughter Louise, 6 years old, are in a dangerous condition from the same cause.



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T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 5, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Rosina Vokes.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Rhea.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Sindbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Power of the Press."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Meininger Dramatic Co,

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union "All the Comforts of Home.."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Bottom of the Sea."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE FRENCH POLITICAL CRISIS.

The recent ministerial crisis in Paris will undoubtedly be pointed to by believers in the "right divine" of kings as another proof that there is no stability possible in an European Republic. The fallacy of such a contention is almost self-evident. Ministries, it is true, have toppled over rather frequently in France since 1870. Jules Ferry and Jules Simon, Gambetta and Brisson, Floquet and de Freycinet, premiers of the state, have each in turn bitten the dust, after having enjoyed the sweets of office for terms varying from two years to two months. Despite this condition of things, however, the Republic itself continues to live and prosper, and after an existence of over two decades is today more powerful and more consolidated than ever. The intrigues of Royalists did not prevail against it. Boulanger and his white charger failed to shake one particle of the cement of its foundations. It has passed through several fiery ordeals with renewed strength and vigor, defying its enemies, smiting its false friends and spreading confusion in the ranks of those who ambitioned to crush it under their heels and substitue in its stead the state pageant and hollow mimicry of kingship. The result is that today far more than two-thirds of the voting community of France are heart and soul Republican, and would die to the last man, if needs be, in defense of Republican institutions.

The frequency of ministerial imbroglios in France cannot, therefore, be attributed to any want of stability on the part of the Republic itself. It is solely and exclusively due to a want of cohesion on the part of the supporters of the Republic. The overwhelming majority of senators and deputies are of one mind on the necessity as well as logic of a Republican form of government. They differ only on the methods by which that form of government ought to be maintained. There are, for instance, the Moderates, whose leader is M. Ribot, and whose programme is Conservative; the Liberal Republicans, whose father was Gambetta, and whose policy is that of continued union of church and state; the Radical wing led by Clemenceau, who would seperate forever these institutions, and the socialistic and anarchical agitators, who, refusing to believe in the efficacy of constitutional efforts, aim at establishing by fire and sword a Communistic Republic on the ruins of the present order of things. Composed of such conflicting elements, the majority cannot support any Republican ministry for any appreciable length of time. Personal piques and political feuds sap the premier's following, and he has to go the way eventually of all his predecessors.

The Republic, however, as we have already said, is now stronger and stabler than ever. Its enemies, secret or avowed, are becoming fewer day by day. The death of the count de Chambord, the last of the Bourbon pretenders, put an end to all hope of establishing the monarchy of the old school in France. The hopes of the Orleanist centered, as they are, in the person of that featherbed and plegmatic warrior, the Count of Paris, are every bit as shadowy as the aspirations of Adventurer Don Carlos to the throne of Spain. The recent demise of Prince Napoleon has closed the era of Bonapartist intrigue. On the whole, royalty is as dead as Julius Cæsar throughout the length and breadth of France. It would be just as possible to galvanize a corpse into life as it would be to set up a throne or plant a scepter in the Elysee palace of Paris. The martial glory and glamour that used to make the Bourbon lilies so popular, and enabled Napoleon to crown himself emperor, have vanished, never again to wheedle Frenchmen into any fetichistic worship of kingships. The enlightened generation of today, more rational than their forefathers, and swayed by reason and not by any mere foolish enthusiasm for idols, have practically signed the death warrant of royalty. Monarchy is doomed at no distant date to disappear from at least the western portion of Europe. Spain and Portugal will yet form an Iberian Republic. Italy will rid herself of the House of Savoy. Belgium will go and do likewise with that of Cobourg. In view of such prospect ahead he indeed would be an Ananias who should predict that there is any immediate or even remote probability of the overthrow of the Republic in France.

AUTOCRAT AND SLAVE.

The tearing down of the Bastile by the angry populace of Paris in 1789 led up logically to the subversion of the French monarchy and the triumph of the Revolution. The recent riots in the streets of Berlin may prove as fatal to the House of the Hohenzollerns, as the razing of the Paris prison was to that of the Bourbons. The hour of reckoning may not be still near at hand, but that it will come sooner or later—and come with a vengeance—no student of contemporary politics can well afford to deny. The German people are essentially thoughtful and reflective. Liberalized by study, they are too well educated to remain for ever willing slaves of an avowed despot. The glamour in which the Prussian imperial house has been invested in the eyes of the people, thanks to the fame of Frederick the Great as well as of William I, has so far saved the Hohenzollerns from political ruin; but sentiment of that kind can be destroyed by the antics of a ruler who treats his subjects as if they were his abject serfs.

William II is an autocrat of the worst description. He blasphemously asserts that he governs his race by right divine. He views his soldiers in the light of so many goods and chattels, devoid of soul and will, and created only to be subservient to his own omnipotent whims. It is no wonder that the logical mind of Germany is rebelling against these absurd and antique pretensions. The democracy of the country are losing patience with his imperial majesty's autocratic ways. The middle classes will tomorrow follow suit, and then the kaiser will have to face two alternatives—either that of becoming a constitutional monarch, or of running the risk of being summarily dismissed from his post. The riots of last week will in any case teach him that he is not the great almighty emperor he imagined himself to be.

THE IRISH POLITICAL SITUATION.

The Irish political situation has improved considerably during the last few weeks. The Parnellites and McCarthyites alike are beginning to see that the cause of Ireland cannot be advanced by any indulgence in mutual abuse and vituperation. They have wisely come to the conclusion that under the peculiar circumstances in which they find themselves the wisest course for them to pursue is to agree to differ. THE CITIZEN hails with pleasure this suspicious truce, and trusts that it is only a prelude to the final suspension of hostilities between men whose duty and ambition it should be to join hand in hand against the common foe.

Another happy sign of the times is the helpless disorganization of Lord Salisbury's forces. Balfour, as the Tory leader of the house of commons, has been, so far, a fiasco. The Irish Local Government bill, of which he is at least the putative father, has pleased hardly anybody, and is never destined to reach a second reading. His Education bill will scarcely satisfy the Irish hierarchy, most of the members of which are justly indignant that the Christian Brothers' schools are to be excluded from any benefits under the act. Balfour, moreover, will not have the assistance and counsel of Hartington in the house of commons. That Liberal Unionist having been lately, at his father's death, bombarded Duke of Devonshire, has now been removed to the upper chamber in the placid atmosphere of which his phlegmatic temperament will find itself more at ease than it used to be in the din and tumult of the commons. Hartington is succeeded by the notorious Radical renegade, Joseph Chamberlain, who, possessing none of his predecessor's dogged honesty of purpose, is sure to damage considerably the already dwindling prospects of the pigmy party of which he has become the leader. Meanwhile the popular tide throughout England and Scotland is evidently running higher and higher in favor of Mr. Gladstone. Everything goes to show that at the next general election which must take place in a few months from now, the Liberal Unionists will be wiped out of existence, and the Gladstonians will return with a strong majority over the Tories. THE CITIZEN hopes that Mr. Gladstone will not come back to power with a majority over the Irish and Tory members; for in that eventuality he could dispense with Nationalist aid, and might give only a meagre measure of Home Rule. If on the contrary he has got to depend on the Irish vote, he will be morally compelled to yield some decent satisfaction to Irish aspirations. In any case, whatever Home Rule bill Mr. Gladstone may introduce, will be regarded by all true Irishmen as only an instalment of that which is Ireland's national right—the first practical step, as it were, to the goal of sovereign independence.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE'S KEY TO IRISH HISTORY.

Sir Aubrey de Vere, the eminent Irish poet, has been of late giving, through a friend, to the public his opinion on the Irish question. In his secluded home on the banks of the Shannon the venerable bard lives a life of study and contemplation. Believing as he does that the mission of a litterateur should be purely literary, and non-political, he has never, so far, expressed his views on current Irish topics. Now, however, he has thought fit to enter a field that he has hitherto avoided—a field bristling with nettles, with which, by the bye, poets are far less familiar than they are with roses.

Sir Aubrey opens his thesis with what he calls a clue or key to Irish history. This key, he says, he has found in religion. "Ireland's only period of greatness," he adds, "has been her three centuries of missionary greatness after the time of St. Patrick." THE CITIZEN is astonished to find how little Sir Aubrey de Vere knows of Irish history, when he ventures to make such a wild and unfounded assertion as that just quoted. Without, of course, detracting in the least from the advantages bestowed on Ireland by Christianity, we are at the same time justified in stating that Ireland was a great nation before the Christian gospel was preached on her shores. She was great in her militia of Fenian giants; great in the strength and bravery of her soldiers in the judicial wisdom of her brehons and ollamhs, in the poetry of her bards, and last but by no means least in a civilization governed by the natural and moral law, which was in that far away time the envy of northern Europe. Christianity enhanced Ireland's greatness, but it by no means created it.

Again Sir Aubrey says: "Her history showed me that her character had always had immense depths of spiritual capacities which almost interdicted to her any large share in the lower forms of ambition, political or commercial." In other words Ireland must not expect to be politically free or commercially prosperous as long as she is afflicted with spiritual capacities. She must remain a parish and a Lazarus, because she has a soul that soars above a counting-house and a till. Spain in the heyday of her power was endowed with intense spiritual capacities. France—a land that always placed mind over matter—lacked neither power nor prosperity on that account. The fact is that Sir Aubrey's theory is in more ways than one akin to the startling one advanced some twenty five years ago by the late Cardinal Cullen who asserted that the Irish exodus was the direct handiwork of God, that he meant it as a means for the propagation of the faith in distant lands, and that Ireland could not but feel thankful for the honor done her in being thus selected as an expiatory victim for the spread of Catholicity abroad. THE CITIZEN has never professed to be a theological journal, but it knows enough of the doctrines of divinity to question the orthodoxy of the late cardinal's theories on this particular head. It is preposterous and, it may be added, almost blasphemous to assert that God sanctioned the heartless evictions that swept millions of the Irish people from the cradle land of their race in order that these exiled waifs may plant the banner of Catholicity in the Australian bush or the prairies of the West. Such a contention, implies that God willed evil in order that good may come therefrom, a proposition which is in utter variance with the teachings of the Catholic church. It must, moreover, be remembered that the exodus of the past fifty years from the shores of Ireland has cost the Catholic church the loss of many a soul.

THE CITIZEN refuses to believe that Ireland was ever destined to be made a scapegoat for the propagation of Christianity. Such a doctrine would be utterly unchristian, and no one ought to know how much it is so than the learned Sir Aubrey himself.

COUNT TOLSTOI.

The most prominent and extraordinary personage alive in the world at present, is certainly Count Tolstoi. He is more written about and talked about than any emperor, king, prince or minister living. With apparently no desire whatever to become popular, he has achieved such popularity as no countryman of his ever before achieved. No czar that ever sat on the throne of Russia, not even Peter the Great, has had so much talked and written about him as has had this wonderful man who divides his time between writing books that sell by the hundred thousand, and plowing for the poor men who live around him,—or making and mending brogues for his family, himself or his servants. Whether Tolstoi is a saint, a lunatic or a fool, is what hundreds have been trying for years to find out, without coming to any settled conclusion. Many of those who have taken an interest in Tolstoi, believed, to use a common phrase, "that he is not all there;" or, in other words, that he is somewhat crazy.

If Tolstoi is crazy, he is affected in such a way as no man in modern times has been affected. To find any one as noble, as generous, as humble and as self sacrificing as he, we must go back very far into the past; we must go back to the early centuries of christianity when men took a straight view of things temporal and eternal; when they came to the conclusion that this life was nothing, and the other life everything. In their humility, self-denial, benevolence, and love for humanity, there are probably no two figures in antiquity that so nearly resemble Tolstoi, as do Colum Kill and St. Bridget; and in modern times, the late Cardinal Newman is the only person that can, in total unselfishness, great genius, wonderful learning and angelic humanity, be compared to Tolstoi. Of Tolstoi's religious belief we are not speaking. That he professes to be, and most likely is, a sincere Christian, is generally believed by all who know him and have written about him. He has always been a member of the Greek church, which in its tenets differs very little from the Roman; and it does not appear that he has separated himself from the church if his ancestors. He does not seem to profess any new doctrine; his great aim seems to be to teach as well as to practice *real* christianity; that is, to live for others, and not for himself; to lay aside all claims to superiority over the very humblest of his servants or neighbors; to teach them, work with them, and eat with them. It is his strongest and most fervently believed-in doctrine, that to be an effectual teacher of the poor and ignorant, one must bring himself down to their level and be one of them, if he really desires to do them good. Consequently Tolstoi has become very like one of the saints of olden time in his self-sacrifice and humility. He is never idle except during the few hours he spends in sleep. He devotes a small part of each day to study and writing; the remainder is spent in the hardest kind of manual labor for the poor peasant farmers living near him. He is ably seconded in his philanthropy by his children. They may not all go so far in self sacrifice and humility as he does, but they all tolerate his peculiarities, and some of them are his ardent disciples. He often entertains as guests some of the best known public men and women of the world; he receives them with great kindness, and shows them complete hospitality, but keeps steadily on in the course he has marked out for himself to follow. He plows for the peasants, makes and mends their and his own brogues when nobles and litterateurs of both sexes are his guests. They may come to dinner dressed in evening suits, but Tolstoi takes his seat among them clad in a workman's blouse, and if it is summer, with nothing on him but his shirt and pants.

If Count Tolstoi was a poor man, a parvenue, or one whose vanity or love of notoriety had prompted him to do something that would get him talked about, we might be inclined to doubt his sincerity or his saneness. But there is not a vestige of reason to doubt his sincerity, and still less to suppose that his mind is affected. He was well known in the literary world before he commenced his present life of abnegation and humility. He has written works of fiction that have been translated into almost every language in Europe. He is a noble by birth, and comes of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in Russia. He has never known poverty, for his people have been rich for centuries, and in his youth he was accustomed to have every desire of his heart satisfied. He was an officer in the Russian army, was noticed for his courage during the siege of Sabastopol, but even in his youth he was remarkable for thoughtfulness and serenity of temper. After having seen life in all its phases, he has come to the conclusion that the life to come is the only life worth living for.

Ever since last fall when provisions began to fail the poor people in his vicinity, Tolstoi has devoted himself unceasingly to helping and feeding them. He has given so much to relieve them that he has left his own family in want of many things they sorely needed. He lives, like the poor people he is helping to keep alive, on exactly the same food that they live on. Two scanty meals a day of black bread and cabbage soup, are all he eats. Colum Kill when living on nothing but stirabout made of nettles, hardly faced worse than Count Tolstoi faces at present. But he has not tasted meat for years; no matter what viands may be spread on his own table for his guests, he eats nothing but bread and drinks nothing but water. Ever since the famine commenced, he has entirely given up his literary work. He and one of his daughters have gone among the very most wretched of those who are suffering from hunger, and day and night they are working to save the lives of the poor. How a man of Tolstoi's age—he is now long past 60—can stand such physical hardship as he has undergone for more than a dozen of years, is not the least strange matter connected with this extraordinary man. The latest accounts that have been made public about him seem to indicate that his long career of hard work of mind and body is at last beginning to tell, and his friends are feeling real alarm about his present physical weakness.

It is impossible to look with contempt or coldness on the life and work of such a man as Tolstoi. Some may, and probably do, think he is more of a crank than anything else; but it is certain that a vast majority of those who know him, look on him as perfectly sincere, and while they may differ from him, are compelled to admire him. Modern times have seen no man as remarkable as he, or known such a compound of sage, saint and philanthropist.

BALFOUR, as the leader of the British house of commons, has not been, so far, a conspicuous success. His political teeth, so to speak, seem to have been drawn by the fact of their contact with the Irish question. The Irish question has relieved bigger men than Arthur James of their grinders.

THE British Tory government is at present experiencing the disenchantment of adversity. Its sunny weather friends are deserting it in battalions. Some of the deserters, feeling no desire to enter the next parliament, have no longer any wish to stay up nights to save Salisbury from political ruin. Others of the Liberal Unionist school are making a deathbed repentance with the view of finding salvation if possible, in the Gladstonian camp. THE CITIZEN is glad to note this confusion among the enemies of Ireland. May their confusion become worse confounded!

WHERE is Timothy Healy? And echo answers "Where?" The Irish political atmosphere is not quite as tainted as it used to be.

THE announcement is made to the effect that Gen. Roberts, commander of the British forces in India, has been bombarded Baron of Candahar and Waterford. The peerage has been at last conferred on Wolseley's rival whose only recommendation to "honors" at the hands of his sovereign lady is that he slit several thousands of Afghan throats, and devastated Afghanistan—all, of course, in the commercial interests of Britain. Some Irish newspapers of the flunkey tribe boast of this swashbuckle as an Irishman, because, forsooth, he was born in Ireland! His assuming the title of the Baron of Waterford is an insult which that patriotic city is sure to resent.

VERILY the antics of some Irish members in the British house of commons would form interesting subject matter for a shrieking *opera bouffe*. One of the Orange representatives at Westminster having proposed that the mayor of Belfast should in future be addressed as "Lord Mayor," a Nationalist member, made a suggestion to the effect that the chief magistrates of Cork, Limerick and Waterford receives similar designations. This craze about "lords" and "lordships" proves that there are still Irish Nationalists abroad who are tarred with flunkeyism. Like Tom Moore, they dearly love a lord.

ONE of our Irish contemporaries has the following paragraph: "A deputation of residents of the town of Wicklow, headed by Mr. William Corbet, M.P., waited upon Lord Wolseley at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, to request that the military authorities would not remove the Wicklow Artillery Militia from the training ground at the Murrough. It was pointed out to his lordship that it would be a serious loss to the traders and shopkeepers of the town if, as it was understood, the regiment were to be removed for training to Portsmouth." This kotowing to the military representative of England in Ireland on the part of so-called Nationalists is actually nauseating, for it shows how principles can be pitched to the four winds of heaven for the sake of an additional few pounds, shillings and pence. The worst feature about this business is the fact that the leader of the deputation is a Parnellite M.P.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE is a consistent advocate of Home Rule; but he should remember that being an Englishman he has no right to interfere in quarrels between Irishmen. Irishmen can settle their own differences without the advice of any Anglo-Saxon intermeddler—no matter how friendly he may be.

MISS MAUD GONNE, the Irish girl who is at present appealing to French sympathy in the cause of Ireland, is an enthusiast in character and temperament. Unlike most women who step from the domestic into the public sphere, she is decidedly handsome, and socially charming. In Paris, where beauty and a captivating manner are so highly appreciated, Miss Gonne may be expected to command considerable success in her efforts on behalf of Ireland. She is, moreover, a brainy woman, expresses herself in correct French, and is a firm believer in the orthodox Radical creed of Ireland's right to complete independence.

IT will be interesting to the readers of THE CITIZEN to learn that the author of "Who Fears to Speak of '98" has been appointed president of the Dublin Irish Academy. Dr. Ingram has no longer the enthusiasm of his early youth when he penned that patriotic lyric. Like some other '48 men and a few of the men of '67 he has outlived the ardor of his early days. His great poem will live when his personality is forgotten.

is encouraging to observe that an Irish literary society has been started in London. Gavan Duffy is the president of the new organization, the executive committee of which comprises such brainy men as John Augustus O'Shea, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Todhunter, and D. J. O'Donoghue, all of whom have contributed prose and poetry to the pages of modern Irish literature.

THE crew of the Baltimore have filed their claims at the State department for damages for injuries and false imprisonment during the Valparaiso riots. The individual claims range from $30 000 to $150,000, and make a total of $2 065,000.

The registrar general reports that the death rate of Dublin during the first week in February was at the rate of 47.7 per 1,000 of the population per annum.

ANGLO-IRISH PARLIAMENTARYISM.

[*To the Editor.*]

The Irish representatives in parliament are now appealing to America for funds to aid in the coming elections. If they had been men of foresight and statesmen they would never have got themselves into this predicament. When the majority abandoned the principles of a united and an independent Irish party, they virtually became part of the Liberal party. There no longer existed any Irish National party, except that represented by the Parnellites. It is, therefore, to the treasury of the Liberal party they should look for election funds in this crisis. If the party had maintained its integrity and independence, it is certain that the bills introduced by the Tories this session would have been very much more satisfactory. As it is, the Education bill is a vast improvement on any previous enactment in the same line. The Local Government measure is objectionable in that it differs essentially from the acts passed for England and Scotland. Ireland should demand precisely similar treatment. It is a most fortunate thing that there is still a remnant of an independent Irish party, so that if there should be a Gladstonian Home Rule bill it may be criticised and not swallowed whole as the majority party have, in advance, promised to do. Piecemeal legislation for Home Rule is impolitic, and Davitt is wrong in applying the "half loaf rather than no bread" side to it. For it would be most difficult to persuade parliament to amend any law once passed. We want a working Irish constitution now, complete and final, so that this international controversy may be ended, and attention given in future exclusively to Irish progress and development. There are three tests of a genuine Home Rule bill. 1. It should abolish the lord lieutenantry and allow the chief of the Irish executive to be elected for a definite period of, say, two or three years. 2. It should not meddle with the Irish imperial representation. 3 It should give the Irish government the same amount of local liberty as is possessed by an American state, less the control of the militia.

W.

Literary Notes.

The many thousands who have constituted the audiences of the famous Polish pianist, Paderewski, in different parts of the United States will find the March *Century* particularly interesting. These papers on Paderewski are parts of the musical series which *The Century* is publishing this year. The frontispiece is an engraving of Paderewski from a photograph, and in addition a drawing by Irving R. Wiles is given, showing the great virtuoso at the piano In this number of *The Century* Mr Stedman's essays on poetry are begun. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer has an article on "St. Paul's Cathedral," which is brilliantly illustrated by Joseph Pennell. The United States Fish Commission is described by Mr. Richard Rathbun, a scientific member of the staff. Prof. Henry C. Adams presents a timely study of "The Farmer and Railway Legislation." Prof. Boyesen tells of "An Acquaintance with Hans Christian Andersen." Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, the popular story-writer, has a paper, illustrated by Kemble, on "Middle Georgia Rural Life." The Kipling-Balestier "Naulahka" is continued, as well as Dr. Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics." Hamlin Garland, author of "Main Traveled Roads," etc., begins a serial in three parts entitled "Ol' Pap's Flaxen." Dorothy Prescott, a new writer, makes a social study of the environs of Boston in an illustrated story called "Our Tolstoi Club." Miss Viola Roseboro' tells the story of "The Village Romance," and Mrs. Burton Harrison (author of "The Anglomaniacs") that of "Gay's Romance." Pictorially the number is remarkable not only for the pictures in the descriptive articles, so called, but for some of Mr. Cole's engravings, this time after Giorgione. The well-known picture, by Sargeant, of Miss Beatrice Goelet is given in the series of American paintings.

The March number of *St. Nicholas* contains a novel and useful sketch by John M. Ellicott, of the Navy, describing how a landing is made through the heavy surf of the Pacific Ocean. Boy readers may here learn how to avoid the dangers of an upset when caught in a small boat during a squall. Joaquin Miller contributes a poem, "Artesia of Tulare," telling in vigorous style the good fortune of a Scotch shepherd evicted from his ranch. "Hold Fast Tom" is an incident of the capture of the island of St. Helena from the Dutch. J. G. Francis, creator of the famous "Aztec Fragments," which have caused smiles and laughter innumerable, after a regretted absence from the pages of the magazine, heralds his reappearance by a jingle and drawing of "The Genial Grimalkin," who was always so amusing that his family's continual smiling gave their cheeks a "permanent puff." It would be a queer boy or girl who could not find several morsels to especially enjoy in the rich feast summarized in the closely printed table of contents containing over thirty separate items, of pictures, verse and prose.

The New England Magazine for March opens with a pleasant paper, "Recollections of Louisa May Alcott," by Mrs Maria S. Porter. The writer was an intimate friend of the famous story-writer, and she gives an attractive picture of her private life. M. Lamont Brown furnishes a fine wood engraving of Miss Alcott in her twenties as a frontispiece, and the article is finely illustrated. An article that will be read with considerable curiosity is "Harvard Clubs and Club Life," by William Dana Orcutt. Capt Charles King, the novelist, writes a glowing description of his western home, Milwaukee. He manages to incorporate some fine word pictures into his account of Milwaukee's commercial progression and prosperity. Winfield S. Nevins continues his "Stories of Salem Witchcraft. Isaac Bassett Choate contributes an interesting paper on "America in Early English Literature." Henry Cleveland Wood writes of "Negro Camp Melodies." Walter Blackburn Harte, in a gossip on "Literary Advisers," tells the truth about this class of literary frauds, who prosper upon the vanity of incapable scribblers. Henrietta S. Nahmer contributes a pleasant article on "Bryant's New England Home." Mr. Edwin D. Mead considers the Chilian question from a commonsense point of view. Zitella Cocke, Mira Clarke Parsons, Mary J. Garland, Clinton Scollard, Bessie Chandler and Philip Bourke Marston are among the poets who contribute to the number.

Court McMullen's Reception.

The annual reception of Court McMullen, No. 46, Catholic Order of Foresters, took place at Brand's Hall on Friday evening of last week. There was a large attendance of friends of the organization. Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames M. J. Kelly, T. E. Doyle, J. J. O'Donnell, J. F. O'Connor, M. J. McCarthy, M. J. Feehan, W. J. Shea, W. H. Garrity, J. J. Lyons, J. H. Murphy, J. F. Coleman, W. H. Lyman. Misses Mackin, Devine, Henderson, Kittie Garrity, Celia Garrity, Julia Cannon, Winnie Cannon, M. Gavignan, K. Gavignan, Irene Calder, Ringley, Murphy, Frawley. Messrs. P. J. Cahill, T. H. Cannon, J. J. Philbin, John Mackin, J. J. Dillon, Arthur Bennett, J. A. Muldoon, W. J. K. Healy, J. H. Hanlon.

"BABY PATRICK"

BY RICHARD OULAHAN.

"So they've christened the baby 'Patrick!'
What a name to give their boy!
To be laughed at on the play ground,
And wither their rosebud's joy,
It sounds so all over *Irish*
That I'd rather have called him 'Ike,'
Or 'Johnathan,' 'Seth,' or 'Nathan'—
But 'Patrick!' I dislike!"

Thus flippantly spoke a maiden
Of the upstart, shoddy style,
Who had never read the story
Of her father's peerless isle,
Nor had heard of Patrick Sarsfield,
Hibernia's fighting "lance,"
Nor of Duke Magenta, Patrick
McMahon, chief of France;

Nor of Patrick Cleburne—"rebel"—
We called him in the war—
Whose charging cheer was music
Away on the front afar;
Nor of countless other soldiers,
And of statesmen great and good,
Who deemed a badge of honor
The name she would have tabooed.

I love the old name of Patrick,
And none in adopted land
Would wear it today more proudly
If stamped by the Soggarth's hand.
For the true American honors
The *man*, not the *name* I ween,
And he values not less the colleen
Who sings of the Shamrock Green.

So, maiden, tell "baby Patrick"
To hold up his head at school;
That they are not of genuine Irish
Who cowardly play the fool.
Let him do but his duty bravely
To God and his country dear,
And his beautiful patronymic
Shall always sound pleasant here.

IRISH NEWS.

On Sunday, Feb. 7, two deaths occurred at the Fanning's Institute, under rather pathetic circumstances. Mr. James Murphy, a most respected resident for many years at Gallowshill, and his wife, were inmates of the institution. Both were very old people, the husband being 80 years of age, and the wife 70. On Sunday morning the old man passed away, and the partner of his joys and sorrows for so many years, died on Sunday evening. Both bodies were conveyed to the residence of their son-in-law, Mr. Michael Walsh, for whom much sympathy was expressed, and on Tuesday the double funeral took place, when both bodies were buried at the family burying place, Kilmeaden.

On the evening of Feb. 5, John Miller, an industrious tradesman of Kaheen, near Piltown, retired to his bedroom for the night, and was found next morning dead sitting in his chair. He was 75 years old.

The usual Kilkenny monthly pig fair was held on Feb. 9, and was most successful, there being a good demand in a fairly large market. There was a large attendance of buyers, the Waterford contingent being nearly 100 strong. Between 1,500 and 1,600 pigs were offered, and nearly all changed hands. From the opening of the fair prices ruled firm, at 43s to 45s per cwt for heavy pigs, and 45s to 47s per cwt for good bacon pigs.

On the evening of Feb. 9, the silver medals for the County Waterford Football champions were distributed to the members of the Dungarvan team. Mr. E. Keohan, president, occupied the chair, and with the members of the team there were also present: Messrs. J Crotty, V.P., and D. Fraher. Mr. Fraher explained the match that had been played, and the teams that had competed. The final match for the county championship was between Dungarvan and Kinsalebeg. The match was a capital one, and went pretty evenly for a time, when, towards the finish, Dungarvan got by far the best of it.

A strange occurrence has just taken place at Ialt Hill, within two miles of Kilrush. It appears that a young girl named Casey, a farmer's daughter, left her house, and subsequently, on her not returning, a search was made by her relatives, with the result that the mangled body of the unfortunate girl was found at the bottom of a disused quarry some fifty or sixty feet deep.

A respectable farmer named Thady Killeen, Drommin, West Clare, was killed recenty through the upsetting of his horse and car when returning home from Kilrush.

On Saturday week a man named Carroll was drowned in the Shannon. It appears he had rowed off Old Guerrin Head, Clare, for wreckage, which he had seen floating, and when in the act of towing a quantity of timber a large wave struck the craft capsizing it, and throwing Carroll into the water.

A cottier named Edward Robinson, of Lisnarrick, near Enniskillen, and his wife retired to bed recently, leaving a bucket of coals burning in the bedroom, in which there was no chimney, with the result that they were both suffocated by the fumes of the burning coal.

At Kanturk an armed and disguised party of moonshiners attacked several houses in county Cork district recently, and obtained firearms from two farmers named Howard and Leary. Shots were fired into each house visited, but nobody was injured.

There are, says the Dublin *National Press*, something like forty or fifty Hebrew voters in Cork, mostly refugees from Poland or Russia, and it is pleasing to be able to record that the expatriated children of Israel went to a man to the polls for the Nationalist candidate at the last election. We are sure this kindly mark of these poor hunted men to show their sympathy with the Irish National cause will do much in every part of Ireland to secure consideration and kindliness for men who are as strangers in a strange land.

Mr. Michael Conway has opened an Irish class at No 6 Molesworth street, Dublin. Mr. Conway has the reputation of being one of the finest practical Irish scholars in the country, and his long and successful career as a teacher is a sufficient guarantee that he will make any class he undertakes a success. We wish well to this fresh venture for keeping alive our native language.—*Freeman.*

James N. Atkinson, Esq. J. P., Ashley Park, Nenagh, has been sworn in as high sheriff of county Tipperary, and Arnold Power, Esq., Clonmel, sub sheriff.

Col. James Smyth, Gaybrook, Mullingar, and Montgomery F Byrnes, attended at the sheriff's office, Mullingar, and were sworn in as high sheriff and sub sheriff respectively, for the county Westmeath.

The Limerick corporation have decided to get a new fire escape made by Mr. Brown, of Dublin, and to organize a regular fire brigade.

The weekly meeting of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language was held on Tuesday week at No. 6 Molesworth street, Surgeon-General King, M. R. I. A., in the chair. Also present—Count Plunkett, B. L., M. R. I. A.; Professor Haugh, B. A.; T. W. Conway, Esq., F. R. G. S.; J. H. Lloyd, Esq., and J. J. McSweeney, secretary. The correspondence having been read, the Council had under consideration the question of the Irish language in the Irish Civil Service examinations. After considerable discussion, Prof. Haugh gave notice that he would, at the next meeting, move a resolution in reference to placing Irish among the subjects for examination for candidates for appointments in the High court of justice in Ireland. Mr. J. Holland, of Ballinspittal National school, wrote stating that he had sent a copy of a resolution to the committee who are drawing up the programme for the next teachers' congress dealing with the teaching of Irish in the training colleges and National schools, and saying—"I have been again unanimously elected by the Kinsale Teachers' Association to represent them at this congress, and I expect, therefore, to have the pleasure of seeing this resolution passed both at the private and public meetings." Mr. R. Geoghegan, of East Sound, Washington, U. S. A., wrote in reference to Irish publications. Mr. T. Loughran, of Culrevog, Moy, county Tyrone, wrote concerning Irish family names. Letters upon Irish grammars and Irish literature were received from Mr. T. B. McDowell, 20 Abbey Gardens, St. John's Wood, London, and Mr. P. Carr, No. 25 William street, Derry.

Mr. Paul Tiernan, aged 81, one of the earliest victims of the Land war on the Massereene estate, died about two weeks ago. Mr. Tiernan, since his eviction, resided in a Land League hut erected for him within sight of the farm. Only the other day an injunction was obtained for the removal of the hut.

A man named Shanahan was fined £4 for illegally gaffing a salmon at Moanmanane, near Clonee.

At the Kilmacthomas petty sessions John Butler summoned Bridget Burke for allowing four cows to trespass on his lands. Defendant's daughter said that her mother offered to make good all the damage done, but the claimant would not be satisfied. The case was dismissed.

Mrs. Hayes, whose husband has for some years been an inmate of the lunatic asylum, was cruelly evicted from her holding at Carrickphilip. The unfortunate tenant, with her four little children, who were suffering severely from influenza at the time, were obliged to take shelter at the house of Mr. Patrick Hunt, brother of Mrs. Hayes.

We are glad to note that the Irish Woolen Manufacturing and Export Company, the annual meeting of which was held on the 16th ult., pays a dividend of six per cent per annum, carrying forward a substantial sum to next account. Mr. Davitt was in the chair and he made practical reference to the necessity which exists for taking the necessary steps to organize and exhibit Irish manufacturers at the Chicago exhibition next year. We note that Mr. Peter White is going again to the United States during the summer for the double purpose of seeking a new market for goods of the Irish Woolen Company, and making arrangements for the exhibit of them at the Chicago exhibition. We trust that his efforts will continue to be successful and that other Irish companies will take similar steps with regard to an exposition which is planned on the vastest scale, and which is meant to "lick creation."—*Daily Independent.*

At a meeting of Parnellites held at Midleton a resolution was unanimously adopted calling on Mr. Gladstone to disclose the main features of his promised Home Rule bill.

An inquest has been held on the body of a man named Luke Rochford, Templeshallin, near New Ross, who was found dead in a spring well on his farm. A verdict of death while laboring under temporary insanity was returned.

Mr. Gilbert King, Jr., has been appointed high sheriff of Roscommon county, with Mr. Geo. James as sub sheriff.

For some reason or other there was an unusually large number of police detectives at Athy fair on Wednesday, Feb. 3.

A large number of the inmates and nurses in the Mountmellick workhouse are laid up with the influenza.

On Feb. 3, Dr. O'Neill, coroner, held an inquest at Ardreigh, Athy, respecting the death of a child named Gleeson, who was burned on Monday evening, Feb. 1.

On the night of Feb. 4 an old man named McCarthy, aged 80 years, was burned to death at Kilkernan, near Clonakilty. The man lived with his brother in an old thatched house, and both were in bed when the fire broke out. The deceased being ill, his brother attempted to rescue him, but the fire spreading rapidly the latter was unable to remove the unfortunate man, who was burnt to death before assistance arrived.

Havlin's Theatre.

Mr. Havlin informs the patrons of his dainty theatre that W. A. Brady's big production of "The Bottom of the Sea" will be presented there during the week beginning with the matinee Sunday, March 6 "The Bottom of the Sea" is a marine spectacle, and over two car loads of beautiful and realistic scenery are required to give the play a proper presentation. It is a remarkable play, and its scenic effects surpass anything of the kind ever seen in Chicago.

GAELIC POETRY.

Bláth na Fionnse.

Atharruighthe ó Shaca-Bheuria Thomáis Dháibhis.

LE PADRAIC.

Is dealrach an ghrian air mhín-thonnaibh Loch' Sífin,
Tá'n ghaoth chiuin ag goid ó bhárr sléibhe 'gus maoilin,
Thart timcheall gach inse ta'n fíor-uisge glé,
Acht níse áilne 'ná uile tá bláth na Fionnse.

Mar mhaidin a stúile, a grusg mar an oidhche,
A céim air an bh-fraoch mar chaomh-anál na gaoitheadh,
Tá a croidhe 'gus a pusa mar shéimh-bhailteiné,—
Sin daoibh Eile Ní Mháthain, Bláth áluin Fionnse.

Acht cé air an g-cnoc 'ná an fiadh tá nios gasdaighe?
Agus cé air an loch tá teacht chuici go cliste?
Cé acht Féargus O'Fearghail, gan locht in a ghné?
Is é bród agus dil-ghrádh de Bhlath na Fionnse.

Aon pt óg, 'gus aon fháilg, a's aon radharc lán de shóláis,
Acht creud fáth go bh-fuil orra 'nois gruaim agus dóláis?
O! is searbh i a m-beathk, is gotrid beidh sé
In aoinfheacht le Eile, Bláth álúin Fionnse.

Oir bhí Féargus O Fearghail a g-cómhnuidhe i lathair
Le buille do thabhairt air son Eireann, a mnathar,
'Nois ní féidir leis fanacht, is ceannaireidhe é,
Acht geallaidh sé theacht 'rais go Bláth na Fionnse.

Throid sé ag Cremóna—ní shileann sí deora—
Throid sé ag Cassanó—is maith léi a ghlóire—
Acht so é a port air feadh iomláin an lae:
"Tar chugam a mhuirnín! O, tar go Fionnse!"

Ta ocht m-bliadhna thart, tá a croidhe beagnach briste,
Do thréig sí a crois, coigeul, ifn agus cisde,
Beidh sí 'measg nan-"Gé-Fiadhain" roimh éirighe an rae,
'S béidh a h-athair 'na máthair leó féin i bh-Fionnse.

Ta Tighearna an Chláir ag Ramillies a' fáireadh,—
Agus roimhe tá'n Sacsanach téitheamh i náire—
Air a chúl tá na "Orabhata" be pice 'gus gae—
Le n-a thaoibh a tá Féargus ag glaoidh air Fhionnse.

Air Ardan La Júdóigne tá'n Francach ag téitheamh
Acht go fóil tá Righ Clárr leis an rá mhaid ag feitheamh;
Tá an Sacsanach buaidheach,—dísr, éist a "burrse"!
A's tá Féargus ag eagadh bh-fad, bh-fad ó Fhionnse.

I d-teampall na h-Ypres ta bratach fíar-uaine,
'Gus faoi sin maighdean go brónach ag caoineadh—
Bhí'n bratach 'san n-gaoith ag Ramillies a n-dé
An mhaighdean 'sí Eile, Bláth álúin Fionnse.

OBITUARY.

MRS. KATE LAWLER.

The funeral of Mrs. Kate Lawler (nee Kennefick), beloved wife of Mr. Joseph Lawler, took place from her late residence, No. 566 West Harrison street, on Sunday, Feb. 28, and was attended by a large circle of friends, it being one of the largest funerals which has taken place in this city for years. Nearly 300 carriages escorted the remains to St. Jarlath's Church, where the funeral services were held, and from thence by cars, via C., M. & St. P. R. R. Mrs. Lawler was born in Ballylanders, county Limerick, Ireland. She visited her old home last summer, and had the pleasure of seeing her father and mother for the last time. She also visited her sister in France, belonging to the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The deceased lady was generous and charitable in her works of relief, and many of the poor can testify to her acts of charity. Mrs. Lawler leaves seven children, three boys and four girls, to mourn her loss. She was a member of the Married Ladies' Sodality of the Holy Family Church for a number of years. The floral tributes from friends were grand and numerous, showing the estimation in which she was held even in death. The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers: William J. Dormin, E J. Dwyer, John Powell, P. M. Carroll, Jacob Smith, William McKeogh, William Powell and J. J. Phelan. The floral bearers were Henry P. Brady, William Patterson, John Morrison, John Ryan, Andrew O'Connell and Edward Fitzgibbons.

Among those present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kennefick, Mrs. Joseph Anson, Muscatine, Ia.; Mrs. Hennessy, J. H. Kennefick, St. Louis, Mo.; John M. Smyth, Bernard Curtis, John Birmingham, ex Mayor Harrison, Hon. M. McInerney, William C. Seipp, D. F. Bremner, Thomas Cooley, T. J. Lefens, Austin J. Doyle, John Breunock, Thos. O'Connell, William J. Moxley, J. Dadie, J. P. Barron, Thomas Lynch, Jr., Hon. Frank Lawler, Dr. Connors, M. E. McPadden, Edward Powell, S mon Mulvaney, Ald. Powers, Gahan, Brennan, Kent, Burke, Martin, Mahoney, Morrison, Cullerton, Gosselin, Capt. William Ward, Capt. Charles Aldrich, Capt. Edward Laughlin, Capt. Martin Hayes, Hon. John F. Scanlan, Hon. John Meyer, Hon. M. B. Bailey, Hon. J. J. Townsend, Hon. J. M. Carroll, William H. Whitchurch, M. Mullaney, Andrew Ragor, M. Sennott, Thomas Flood, T. Scanlon, M. Consery, Cornelius Griffin, Thomas Griffin, James Purcell, George Boyle. D. McCarthy, John McEvoy, John Riordan, J. B. Breen, T. J Lavender, T. J. Gilmore, Frank O'Connell, Amos Sleigal, Walter Weston, Thomas McGarry, John Dooley, Samuel Williams, Walter Crow, P. Johnson, J. J. Brown, T. Sammons, J. Hartnett, Charles Spring, Richard Morrison, William P. Diez, Stephen Spain, M. Scanlan, F. J. Nischoff, John Ryan, William Whalen, William Rawleigh, John Rawleigh, William Russell, John Powell, James O'Brien, Timothy O'Brien, John Long, William Crowe, J. McDermott, John Ahern, J. E. O'Brien, Thomas Barrett, John Barrett, John McNichols, John Waller, William Weadley, T. J. Waters, Daniel J. McMahon and many others. THE CITIZEN tenders Mr. Lawler and his family its heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

DEATH OF SISTER AND BROTHER.

Mrs. Mary McGann, wife of Police Officer John McGann, died at her residence, No. 1866 North Halsted street, on Sunday last, of pneumonia, aged 28 years. Her brother, Mr. Martin Manning, also died of the same disease at his residence, No. 752 West Fourteenth street, on Saturday last, aged 26 years. They were sister and brother of William and Michael Manning and half sister and brother of Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Nugent, native of Castle Blakeney, county Galway, Ireland. Both were greatly respected by all who knew them. The funerals took place from their late residences to Mount Carmel church on Tuesday morning, where both had high mass of requiem together, thence by carriages to Calvary.

MR. JOHN O'MALLEY.

On Feb. 14, after a protracted illness arising from heart failure, Mr. John O'Malley, of Cappanuik, county Limerick, Ireland, peaceably passed from life to eternity. Deceased, who was a splendid type of physical manhood, was in his 60th year, and was father to Dr. Thomas F. O'Malley and Patrick O'Malley of this city, and brother to Dr. Michael O'Malley of Belfast, and also to Patrick O'Malley of Towerhill, county Limerick, Ireland. He came of an old and highly respectable family, noted for geniality, hospitality, and candor, and his funeral cortege amply testified to the very high esteem in which deceased was held, as it was the largest witnessed in his native county for many years. There will be a solemn requiem high mass for the repose of the soul of the deceased at Holy Family church on March 10 at 8 a.m.

MR. PATRICK KANE.

Mr. Patrick Kane, died at his residence, No. 3717 Parnell avenue, on Wednesday, Feb. 24, at the age of 29 years. He was a native of Westport, county Mayo, Ireland. Mr. Kane was a prominent member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and other Irish societies. The funeral took place on Feb. 26, and was attended by a large concourse of friends.

MRS. WM. W. DEELY.

Mrs. William W. Deely died rather unexpectedly at her residence, No. 48 Hoffman avenue, after two days' illness, of blood poisoning, at the age of 26 years. Everything that medical skill could accomplish was tried, but to no avail, and she succumbed to the painful malady on the 25th ult. Mrs Deely came of an old and respected family in the parish of Abbeyfeale, county Limerick, Ireland. She was gentle, amiable and social in disposition; her winning manner and generosity making her a favorite among her friends and acquaintances. She had been married about two years, and leaves a sorrowing young husband and 8 months old baby, two brothers and three sisters to mourn her loss. The funeral took place last Sunday, from the residence to St. Sylvester's church, attended by a large cortege, where a requiem high mass was offered by the Rev. Father Hynes as celebrant, thence by cars to Calvary.

FUNERAL OF JOHN T. M'ABEE.

The funeral of Mr. John T. McAbee, father of the late Ald. James B. McAbee, was held at the Cathedral of the Holy Name last Saturday morning. The friends who attended first visited the residence, at No. 241 Ohio street, to view the remains, after which the procession went to the church, where the burial service was performed. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. A widow and seven children survive him. Death resulted from pneumonia contracted while nursing his son, the late alderman.

MISS LIZZIE SOUTH.

Miss Lizzie South, sister-in-law of the late Ald. McAbee, died suddenly Saturday last at Mrs. McAbee's residence, No. 41 Pearson street. Miss South had been suffering from heart trouble and pneumonia and was unable to attend the funeral of John T. McAbee, father of the deceased alderman, Saturday afternoon. Mrs. McAbee had only returned from the funeral a few minutes when her sister expired.

Finerty Athletic Club Reception.

The Finerty Athletic Club gave their second reception at Cline's hall, Saturday evening last. It was a splendid success both socially and financially. At 9:30 o'clock when the grand march was started there were 200 couples in the hall. The music was furnished by Prof. Jas. O'Connor, whose lively music and cheerful voice got no rest until 12:30. During intermission there was a tug of war contest, which resulted in the Finerty's defeating both the Grattans and Co. B Hibernian Rifles. After intermission the crowd was larger than before, there were 250 couples in the hall until 4 o'clock, when the band played "Home Sweet Home." Among those present were:

Messrs. and Mesdames—M. J. Kelly, S. Carney, M. FitzGerald, J. O'Shea, P. Ellis, F. McArthy, M. Molloy, P. Tierney, T. Cronin, E. Quinn, T. Clogan, P. Quinn, Sr.

Messrs—E. Gleeson, J. Quinn, J. Morrissey, J. Sheehan, P. Quinn, Jr., J. O'Brien, M. Crummie, M. O'Hara, P. J. Healy, C. Flynn, E. O'Malley, R. Morrisey, R. Sweeney, J. FitzGerald.

Misses—Lynch, Gleeson, Healy, FitzGerald, McArthy, Hughes, Quinn, Marshall, O'Brien, Gillispie, Casey, Madden, Murphy, Whalen.

To Honor St. Patrick.

Division No. 10, Ancient Order of Hibernians, will give an entertainment and ball at the new hall of St. Rose of Lima, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. An excellent programme has been arranged, and a most enjoyable time is anticipated.

Safety in the Midst of Danger.

This would seem a contradiction—is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possibility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region. A robust constitution is no certain defense against the dreaded chills. What is? Recorded testimony, covering a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This continent does not limit the field where the medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the Isthmus of Panama, Mexico, everywhere in fact where miasma-born disease takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific in illimitable demand, and prescribed by physicians of repute. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, la grippe. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaints.

Revival of the Gaelic Class.

Having obtained permission from the proper authorities to use the County Court Room on Sundays for the Gaelic Class, all the old members, and as many new ones as may be desirous of acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic—Scotch and Irish—are invited to assemble at Room 317 in the Court House, on Sunday next, Mar. 6, at 3 p.m., for the purpose of assisting in the formation of the new class. No expense for rent or tuition. Members of the Gaelic Athletic Association and their lady friends are particularly invited.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.
T. O'N. RUSSELL, Pres't.

Falling of the hair is the result of inaction of the glands or roots of the hair, or a morbid state of the scalp, which may be cured by Hall's Hair Renewer.

The engagement of the Hanlon Brothers' magnificent production of "Fantasma" is announced by Mr. Havlin for the week of March 13.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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ESTATE OF WILLIAM ASHWORTH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Ashworth, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 4, 1892.
HARRY SKEELES,
Administrator of estate of said William Ashworth, deceased.

WILLIAM E. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,

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THE KNIGHT TO HIS FICKLE LADY.

I will toast thee, fair maid, in a bowl of the finest
Canary we won from the rebels in Spain.
Let the winds bear me witness, thou art the divinest
Of creatures a knight ever battled to gain.
The winds will repeat, then forget it again.

Though I flaunted thy sleeve at the gates of Granada,
And held thee the fairest, the truest, the best—
Aye, proved it to many a southern bravada,
Who lay on the ground with my lance at his breast—
I find that another now doth thy behest.

And today in the tourney I meet my successor—
He claims among maids thou art truest of all—
I ride at the sleeve of which he is possessor,
To catch it and hold it aloft ere he fall,
Then place both thy sleeves on his bier in the hall.

So, at rest in his armor, thy poor blinded lover
May dream that both arms thou about him dost throw;
But the world which will stand at his side shall discover
How false was his challenge, how empty the show—
What he who will die for thee never will know.
—Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.

QUIXARVYN'S RIVAL.

The battle of Sedgemoor had been fought and lost. Night had come again, and in the old gray church of Weston Zoyland 500 of the beaten rebels lay imprisoned.

The scene inside the church was awful in its weird impressiveness. It might have been a gorge of the lost souls in the Inferno. The lurid glare of a few torches which were stuck at intervals against the pillars revealed the forms of men sitting and lying on the seats and floor in every attitude of dejection and despair. Up and down the aisles the iron shod heels of the sentries rang upon the pavement.

The greater part of the prisoners were silent, or only moaning with the pain of recent wounds; some were praying; one was raving, mad with terror. And, in truth, he and his companions had good cause for fear, for their conqueror was Feversham, the general of the Royalists, whose only mode of dealing with a rebel was to hang or shoot him without more ado, and who was only waiting for the daybreak to begin the work of slaughter. A few only kept their resolution—among them two who were sitting together in the shadow of the pulpit steps. Both these men had been conspicuous in the fight, and both knew well that they must die at daybreak.

The elder of the two was a man of about thirty-five, with a powerful, thickset frame and strong and rugged features; a bad man to have against one, one might say. He was by trade a horse breaker, and a great part of his business was to break in the wild colts of the marsh. His companion was some six or eight years younger. His figure was tall and slight, but finely made, and his face was singularly handsome. He was the swiftest runner in the west of England, perhaps in the whole kingdom. His name was David Dare; that of the elder man was John Quixarvyn. Both were natives of the town of Axbridge, but until the day before they had been strangers to each other. Chance had made them comrades in the contest, where they had fought side by side and where the same troop of Royalists had seized them both.

The two were silent. Quixarvyn had pulled out a short black pipe, had filled and lighted it, and was now smoking tranquilly. His companion had also pulled out something from his breast—but it was not a pipe; it was the portrait of a beautiful young girl. He took a long look at the lovely face—a look which said farewell.

Quixarvyn watched him. In the dim light in which they sat he could not see the features of the portrait, but he guessed how the case stood.

"Poor fellow!" he said, with more tenderness than would have been expected from his looks. Then, after a minute's silence, he went on, as much to himself as to the other: "And yet my case is harder. I was in love—I am in love, God help me!—and I also have her portrait in my breast. What would I give if I could look on it as you can look on yours!"

Dare looked at him with interest.

"What!" he said; "have you also the same trouble—a poor girl who will go distracted when she hears of what has happened to you?"

"No," said the other bitterly, "she will not go distracted; she has had enough of me. And I shall have the pain of dying unrevenged upon the knave who robbed me of her!"

It was strange to see how in a moment his eyes had grown ablaze with passion. The young man looked at him in astonishment.

"Who was it?" he inquired.

"Who was it?" echoed the other. Do you think, if I knew that, that I should now have cause to writhe at dying without crying quits with him? No, I do not know him—I only know she loved me—that she cooled toward me—that, when I asked her plainly whether she had found a younger and better looking man, she confessed that it was true, and threw herself upon my generosity to set her free from our engagement. I did so—in a frenzy of mad passion. But when I asked her for his name, she would not tell me, fearing, I daresay, that I might twist his neck. I should soon have found him; but then this war broke out, and in my rage I could not keep myself from rushing to the fight to cool my blood with blows. And so here I am—going to be shot at daybreak. But I swear to heaven, if I only had that fellow in my power for one brief minute, I could die contented."

"You are right," said the other; "I should feel the same."

Quixarvyn drew a portrait from his breast, and held it out to his companion.

"Look," he said, "is this a face to jilt a man?—though it is one to drive him crazy. Let me look at yours—it is not more innocent than this one, I dare swear."

The young man took the portrait, and at the same time handed him his own. Each looked in silence at the portrait in his hand—in a silence of amazement, of stupefaction. The two portraits represented the same person!

Quixarvyn was the first to break the silence.

"What!" he said, drawing a deep breath and bursting into a low laugh, which was both fierce and glad, "you, was it? To think that that I have found you after all! Fate is kinder to me than I fancied."

The other returned his gaze.

"Well," he said, "it was I, it appears; though I never knew it, nor suspected it. And," he added simply, "it has been no one's fault."

"No one's fault?"

"No, no one's. Mary Seldon liked you, but she did not love you, and when we met she found out her mistake. You frightened her with your bad humors. Without mentioning your name she told me the whole story. You could not make her happy, and I could; that's the whole case. Do you blame her?"

"No," said Quixarvin, thrusting the portrait back into his breast. "I don't. But I have sworn to be equal with the man who turned her mind against me—will never believe he acted by fair means—and I am going to do it. Defend yourself. I give you warning."

Both men sprang to their feet at the same instant and stood glaring at each other. At that moment there was heard outside the church the rattle of a drum.

Only the rattle of a drum. But the sound struck them motionless as figures turned to stone. Nor was the effect on their companions less remarkable. There was a moment's silence in the church, deep as the silence of the dead; then a movement—a long thrill of horror. That summons meant that day was breaking and that their hour was come.

The guard set instantly to work to prepare the first batch of prisoners to be led out of the church. Dare and Quixarvyn were among the first seized. With about a dozen others they were marched into the open air. The gray dawn was scarcely giving way to the first streaks of sunrise as they passed out of the churchyard gates, but the whole village was wide awake and in a tumult of excitement: indeed, there had been little sleep that night. Every window was alive with terror stricken gazers as the party of doomed men, surrounded by a band of soldiers, were hurried through the narrow streets and out upon the open moor.

At the border of the moor sat an officer on horseback, surrounded by a troop of soldiers. Here the party halted, and the guards saluted. The officer was a man of about forty, whose dandified appearance, which was as trim as that of a toy soldier newly painted, showed oddly in the midst of soldiers stained with battle. This was Lord Feversham—a man in whose nature vanity, callousness and love of pleasure were about equally combined. His face was gay with pleasant expectation as the rebels were drawn up before him.

"Good!" he remarked. "These were all ringleaders, were they? Sergeant John, draw up your firing party and shoot down every man of them."

The order was instantly obeyed. The firing party was drawn up; the prisoners were ranged in line at a few paces' distance. At one extremity of the line David Dare and John Quixarvyn found themselves once more side by side.

An officer who sat on horseback at Feversham's right hand observed them.

"I know those two," he said, pointing to them with his finger. "Pity two such fellows should be done for. One of them is the best runner in the country side and the other the best rider."

"Eh? What?" said Feversham, standing up in his stirrups. "Hold there a moment, sergeant; I spy a chance of gallant sport. What say you, major—a race between these two across the moor, the one on foot, the other mounted. Will you back the runner?"

The major was a man of some humanity. He reflected for a moment.

"Agreed!" he said. "And to insure that both shall do their best, let the winner have the promise of his life."

Feversham received this proposal with by no means a good grace, for to spare a rebel hurt him to the soul. But the delightful prospect of seeing two men racing for their lives, and of being able, after all to shoot the loser, at length reconciled him to the scheme. He gave his orders and the two prisoners were led out of the line.

Out upon the moor, about a quarter of a mile away, stood a solitary tree. This was selected as the starting point. A double line of troopers was drawn up, stretching from the tree to the spot where the general was stationed, leaving a space between them like a race course, some yards wide. At the end of the course Feversham and the major sat opposite each other. Whichever of the two competitors should pass between them first would be rewarded with his life and liberty.

And what were the sensations of the pair while these preparations were in progress?

David Dare, standing before the muskets of the firing party, had heard the strange proposal with a sudden thrill of hope so keen that it was almost like a pain. Then for a moment his heart fell again. He knew his own speed of foot, but he knew also that against a fleet horse, urged by a skillful rider spurring for dear life, his chance was likely to be small. Still there was hope again, and he could do his best. More he could not do, though success meant life—and life with Mary Seldon. At the last thought his eyes glistened, and he moved up the course between his guards with the keenness of a hound in leash.

In the meantime a trooper had dismounted, and Quixarvyn, armed with whip and spurs, having taken his place in the saddle, the horse was led by a couple of soldiers to the starting point. Unlike his rival, Quixarvyn's face showed no elation. For one moment, on hearing the proposal, a gleam had come into his eyes, but now he rode with downbent head, as if lost in thought. A sentence seemed to be running constantly in his head—the sentence used by Dare in their quarrel in the church, "You could not make her happy and I could." He muttered the words over twenty times. It was not until the tree was reached and the horse was halted with his head toward the spot where Feversham, discernible far off between the lines, sat waiting, that he started, roused himself and looked about him.

David Dare was standing on his right, stripped to the waist and without his shoes, ready for the starter's signal. Quixarvyn's guards dropped the horse's bridle; and Sergeant John, who stood between the two competitors, drew a pistol from his belt to give the signal.

The excitement at that moment was intense. Not a sound was heard in the still morning air; but all down the double line were faces fixed intently on the two competitors. Feversham and the major, with glasses to their eyes, sat motionless as statues. Even the condemned men, forgetful of their own approaching doom, stretched their necks to catch a glimpse of the strange contest on which depended life and death for two of their companions.

The sergeant raised his pistol. The report rang out.

At the same instant horse and man shot out together from the mark. At first the runner, practiced in flying from the start and having less momentum than the horse, drew out in front. In a few seconds he was some twenty yards ahead. Then the gap between them ceased to widen, then it was seen to be decreasing; the horse was gaining—slowly at first, but gaining surely stride by stride. When half the course was covered the horse had drawn up level, and then came such a race as had never yet been seen. For a hundred yards and more the two ran locked together, side by side, the runner almost flying over the crisp turf, the horse stretched out in a fierce gallop, with the rider standing in the stirrups. And now the goal was only fifty yards away, but the gazers drew a deep breath as they saw that now the horse was gaining—was drawing out in front.

For an instant it seemed that all was over; the next, to their amazement, they were conscious that the horse was failing. Then they saw a gallant sight; they saw the runner nerve himself to the last effort and, close upon the goal, dash past the horse and pass the judges and fall headlong on the turf.

At that scene, in spite of discipline, a frantic cheer broke forth along the line. Even Feversham himself smiled grimly as one who, though he had just lost a bet, had gained its full equivalent in pleasurable excitement.

The winner, who had fallen panting and exhausted, was raised into a sitting posture by two troopers, one of whom poured a draft of brandy down his throat. The spirits almost instantly revived him, and in a few seconds he was able, though still weak and dizzy, to stand upon his feet and look about him.

A few paces off his beaten rival stood beside his horse. Dare looked at him and their eyes met. Quixarvyn's face bore an almost imperceptible smile; but it was not this, but something in his look which the other could not have defined, which struck him backward like a shock. He staggered back a pace or two, bewildered by the light which broke upon his mind. Then he stepped up to his rival's side, and the guards, who saw no cause to interfere, falling back a little, he put his mouth close to Quixarvyn's ear:

"You pulled that horse!" he said.

Quixarvyn looked at him, but answered not a word.

"You let me win," the other went on, his voice breaking. "For her sake you did."

Quixarvyn drove his nails into his palms; he had acted, he was acting, not without a bitter cost.

"Make her happy," he said briefly.

As he spoke he turned away and strode swiftly to his old position at the head of the line of prisoners, before which the firing party was again drawn up.

Dare turned his back upon the scene and thrust his fingers in his ears. Nevertheless he could still hear with horrible distinctness the sergeant's loud, clear voice, with an interval between the words:

"Ready!"

"Present!"

"Fire!"

Almost as the word was given came the crash of the report. Moved by an impulse which he could not conquer, he turned around with a shudder. The soldiers were lowering their smoking muskets, and a thick white cloud hung above the line of prisoners stretched upon the ground. At the extremity of the line Quixarvyn lay upon his face, with his right hand clenched upon a portrait which he had taken from his breast, and with a bullet through his heart.—H. Greenhough Smith in Strand Magazine.

The Horrors of Sport.

"Sport" is horrible. I say it advisedly. I speak with the matured experience of one who has seen and taken part in sport of many and varied kinds in many and varied parts of the world. I can handle gun and rifle as well and efficiently as most "sporting folk," and few women, and not many men, have indulged in a tithe of the shooting and hunting in which I have been engaged both at home and during travels and expeditions in far away lands. It is not, therefore, as a novice that I take up my pen to record why I, whom some have called a "female Nimrod," have come to regard with absolute loathing and detestation any sort or kind or form of sport which in any way is produced by the suffering of animals.—Lady Florence Dixie.

The Innumerable Chrysanthemums.

The Japanese cite 269 color varieties of the chrysanthemum, of which 63 are yellow, 87 white, 32 purple, 30 red, 31 pale pink, 12 russet and 14 of mixed colors. A fancy prevails in the country that in this flower the same tint is never exactly reproduced, and that in this it resembles the endless variety of the human countenance.—Garden and Forest.

WHAT WRITERS EARN

SOME MAKE FORTUNES AND OTHERS MERELY A PITTANCE.

What the Late James Parton Earned and How He Lived—Other Authors Who Receive Big Pay for Comparatively Little Labor—The Average Man.

Not long before his death James Parton is reported to have said that a person who decided to support himself exclusively by his pen must be content to live on about $2,000 a year. The best, according to Mr. Parton, that a literary man could hope to attain would be $6,000 or $7,000 a year for perhaps ten or twelve years, when the author's experience was ripe and while he was still in his prime.

This statement seemed rather strange coming from so successful an author as Mr. Parton, yet it was reported in such a way as leaves but little doubt that this was his opinion. Yet he was himself an example of the falsity of it, although he may have thought that his case was the exception that proves the rule.

Mr. Parton was a constant writer and a pretty frequent author for more than forty years. Some of his books had a phenomenal sale. His "Life of Horace Greeley" brought him not only a handsome income, but a small capital. His "History of Ben Butler," and especially of Butler's life in New Orleans after the capture of that city, was very popular during the war days, and Parton's life of Aaron Burr added materially to his possessions.

Parton earned so much money that he was able to accumulate, and when he left New York and went to Newburyport, Mass., to live, just as old age was beginning to come upon him, he had a sufficient property to support him, even if he did not write another line. Of course he could not live in luxury, but he lived in comfort, surrounded by all those things which made life agreeable to him.

MEN WHO RECEIVE BIG INCOMES.

Parton was not a great author. He wrote as a business, and it was his business to give what his clientage wanted. And that is the secret of the success of those who have adopted literature as a profession. Those who take up the pen in order to win an exalted and permanent fame must undoubtedly give but little heed to the pecuniary consideration, but those who expect to make a living out of authorship must do as is done in every other profession—serve their clients and increase them if possible.

There are a good many other examples which indicate that Mr. Parton was mistaken. In his own vicinity there lived several men who had done exceedingly well at the business of authorship. Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin abandoned journalism after a brilliant career as a war correspondent, and has made a comfortable fortune and a good income by writing in a popular manner historical and anecdotal works designed mainly for young persons.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge lives comfortably on the income he gets from his boys' stories, and so does Oliver Optic. Mr. Adams, who is Oliver Optic in real life, although his hair is gray and he has become an old man, has just entered into a contract to furnish a series of ten stories for young persons, written in the style which earned him popularity forty years ago. He will probably write those ten stories within a year, for he is a very rapid workman, and while the precise terms of payment are not known, it is believed that he will receive not less than $15,000 for them.

General Lew Wallace is said to have received from $75,000 to $90,000 royalty upon his single book, "Ben Hur," but that is one of those spasmodic and phenomenal successes which become traditional. Miss Alcott, besides living handsomely, left an estate valued at $100,000, all of which has been made in about twenty years. Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, his brother-in-law, Julian Hawthorne, Edgar Saltus and Edgar Fawcett have no other profession than literature. Lathrop and Hawthorne do some journalistic work, while Fawcett has a private fortune. Each of these men counts on making as much as $5,000 a year, and Saltus' income one year was nearly $15,000.

SOME YOUNG AUTHORS.

There have been a number of successful authors of late who have complained that they cannot live by their pens. A few years ago a novel appeared entitled "Guerndale." It was published over a nom de plume, "J. S. of Dale," and it was regarded as one of the successful books of the year. Its author, Mr. Stimson, was a recent graduate of Harvard college, and the success of the book inspired him with literary ambition. Yet he has practically abandoned literature, excepting as a by play, and is making money practicing law.

Robert Grant, another young Boston litterateur who won some fame, relies upon the practice of a dryer profession than literature for his support. John Habberton, who made a great hit with "Helen's Babies," and who writes exceedingly clever stories, relies upon journalism for his support, while literature is a side issue with him. Mrs. Burnett made no money until her play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," was produced, although she had previously written several very successful novels, and she has practically abandoned story telling for the drama.

These cases, however, simply illustrate the fact that that sort of literature which develops fiction cannot be relied upon for a very handsome support. The authors who make money are those like Parton, Benson J. Lossing and Coffin, who are able to set forth, in a style which does not shoot over the head of the public, either history or the stories of achievement or the careers of famous men in a manner which makes the telling of the story most attractive. The author who can cultivate this quality is sure of repeating the successes of those who have been named, and would probably earn more money in this sort of writing than he could if he went into any other business or profession.—New York Advertiser.

How to Manage the Indian.

The Indian is a naturally secretive being, hiding his inner character jealously from the eye of any alien race. He is called cunning, crafty, morose, revengeful and cruel. So he has been—toward those who have made no bids for his confidence and friendship other than those offered by constant efforts to crowd him from his country, despoil and even exterminate him. He is really by nature—not always, but often—the very reverse of these things.

Place him now under other conditions. Put him in one of the new troops; teach him a pride in being a soldier of the government, and that the government relies on him for its safety and protection; make him feel that the white soldiers around him are his comrades, and he as good as they: explain to him the reason of things: give him healthy and congenial employment; treat him as an independent rational being and a man; cease trying to promote his confidence in you and his progress by talking to him about his soul—and you will soon have a result astonishingly different to the accepted idea of his race.

He who commands these people best must be scrupulously just, and keep every promise as far as he can. He must feel a genuine interest and friendship for them, for they are quick to detect shams. He must at first be patient and lenient, punishing usually only after repeated cautions and explanations, and after he is sure the nature of the offense is understood. He must have tact and perception of character, for Indian character is just as varied as the white, and treatment that would do for one man would break up the troop if applied to others.—Lieutenant S. C. Robertson in Harper's Weekly.

Poetry and Fireplaces.

What poetry and sentiment linger around the old fashioned fireplace! Here the families gathered, down to the middle of the century in many cases. Before one of them in Kentucky the boy Abraham Lincoln learned to read, the hut in which he lived being too poorly furnished even to allow him the saucer of lard with the burning lampwick floating therein. Here the sturdy manhood and the buxom womanhood lived, loved and died, learned, dreamed and went therefrom to make name and fame or to plod on through life in a humble capacity.

But those days are gone, and the old fashioned fireplace is a thing of the past, except in remote regions where the spirit of progress has not yet penetrated. Of course a great deal of poetry departed with the substitution of stoves for fireplaces, but this is largely a practical and a utilitarian age, wherein stoves and prosy comfort are considered as vastly preferable to fireplaces and the impossibility of keeping warm without being roasted. The majority of people today, if there were no other objections to fireplaces, would doubtless esteem the poetical one as being sufficient.—Philadelphia Press.

Jefferson's Louisiana Home.

The winter home of Joseph Jefferson is on Orange island, New Iberia, La. The house is one of the old manors, remodeled and refurnished by the actor. Its conservatories abound in tropical fruits and flowers. Artificial ponds teem with trout and black bass. Lake Simonette, near by, affords the finest fishing, while one has to step but a few yards from Jefferson's fireside to find wild fowl in abundance. Luxuriant groves, containing thousands of trees of the mandarin and Brazilian varieties, surround the house. Fully one hundred pecan and the same number of orange trees yield succulent corps yearly. In the pastures are the finest specimens of Holsteins, while in the stables are a number of the fleetest roadsters in the south. The apartment of which Mr. Jefferson is proudest is the Japanese room. It is of marvelous beauty, and visitors come from miles about to gaze on the gorgeous furnishings.—Charleston News and Courier.

The Shape of the Earth.

Here are some answers given by young scholars in an examination:

Question—What is the shape of the earth? Give reasons for your answer.

Answers—The shape of the earth is round, because you can see it, and secondly because the map tells you.

The shape of the earth is like an orange, and it has a pole through the middle.

The shape of the earth is like an orange, and if you put a pole through the middle of the earth you will see it is like an orange.

The shape of the earth is like an orange, and I prove that it is so shaped, because when a year passes it comes back again.—London Tablet.

Making Alloys Is an Art.

Great art is requisite in making alloys. It is true that they are readily formed by melting metals together in a crucible or in properly constructed furnaces, but it is necessary to insure perfect fusion and to prevent loss. Zinc is a volatile, inflammable metal and easily catches fire. Indeed, it is not at all uncommon to find that two alloys of exactly the same component parts differ very materially in properties, in consequence of a difference in the mode of preparation or in the care bestowed upon it.—Chambers' Journal.

All Modern Warships Are Rams.

All turreted ships are called monitors after Ericsson's celebrated ship, Monitor. All modern warships are meant to ram, and to that end are built with a projecting prow under water extending to a considerable distance from the regular bow line. There are no vessels known as rams nowadays. Ericsson's Monitor was not built with a projecting prow or beak. As a matter of fact, all modern ships of war are rams in everything but name.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not His Publisher.

Ambitious Youth—Is that man you just bowed to your publisher?

Struggling Author—No; that's my pawnbroker.—New York Weekly.

DEFINITIONS OF A LAUGH.

Pat Expressions Concerning an Act of Which Most People Are Guilty.

A London weekly paper, Tit-Bits, offered a prize of ten dollars for the best definition of a laugh. The money was awarded for the following:

An eruption of joy, relieved by an explosion at the mouth of "the crater."

Here are some of the best definitions submitted:

That by which mirth pays a compliment to wit.

The merry thunder peal which follows the lightning flash of wit.

An outward indication of inward satisfaction.

The physical expression of a pleasurable mental emotion.

An antidote against the poison of melancholy.

As brevity is the soul of wit, so a laugh is the soul of expression.

If "Laugh and grow fat," as we have been told,
Is a proverb undoubtedly both true and old,
We cannot be wrong if a laugh we define
As the very best condiment when we all dine.

The music of the merry, the croak of the scornful and the wail of the maniac.

The outward visible sign of an inward invisible tickle.

The natural ebullition of a joyous heart.

A burst of music from the harp of mirth, produced by the touch of humor.

The "Volapuk" of mirth and good nature.

The keynote of man's character, the tone of which proves its quality.

An appreciation of humor conveyed without speech.

A cheerful report from the interior.

Nature's mental medicine. Used sparingly it acts as a pleasant tonic, but when resorted to immoderately it paralyzes and degrades the senses.

A temporary relaxation from gravity.

The only family doctor who gives relief in all cases, often effects instantaneous cure and sends no bills.

Merriment's wand, but derision's dart.

One of God's greatest blessings for temporarily relieving the monotony of our existence.

Heaven's best antidote to care.

The luxury of health and the greatest help to digestion.

What a woman is fond of doing when she has got a new set of false teeth.

Nature's tonic for mental ailments.

The best doctor and the cheapest medicine in the world.

A spark from the fire of life.

The spray from the fountain of mirth, or a bubble from the well of scorn.

The sunshine of the heart reflected in the face.

The safety valve of mirth, the poniard of derision and the mockery of despair.

An ostentatious display of one's own sense of humor.

The oil which make the lamp of life burn bright and clear.

The explosion produced by a flash of wit.

A Tamed Lion.

At the Zoo a young lion from Sokoto was much intent on breaking in the iron shutter which separates the house it now occupies from its former quarters next door. Apart from the very proper wish to assert a right to its former domicile, it had the irritating stimulus supplied by an ill tempered and decrepit old leopard which was growling on the other side of the shutter, and even went so far as to insert one of its longest teeth into the crack between the shutter and the wall as a reminder to the lion of what was waiting for it on the other side.

The lion was striking constant heavy blows on the door, and was so intent on its occupation as to disregard the call of its keeper. The keeper quietly attracted its attention by pulling its tail!—and the lion at once desisted, rubbed its face against the keeper's hand and lay down to be stroked, patted and have its mane caressed. A very beautiful puma close by exhibited all the pleasure of a friendly cat at being stroked, and the tiger from Turkestan allowed himself to be fondled like a big dog.—London Spectator.

A Cordial Reception.

Early one morning, recently, I called to see a gentleman who had not yet left his bed. I was met at the door by a woman whose sleeves were rolled up, who wore an ample apron upon which were various spots of flour and whose face was not entirely free from similar spots. It was "bake day," but she did not embarrass me by any reference to the fact or any apology as to her appearance. She asked me into the parlor and after sending one of the children upstairs to notify the father of my presence, re-entered the parlor and chatted until her husband appeared about various topics in an entertaining, easy manner, quite as though she had been expecting and was all fixed up to receive me. It was simply delightful and my great grief is that I have no sufficient excuse to make another early morning call at the same home.—Detroit Free Press.

A Way of Cooking Rodents.

The negro slaves of Jamaica used to regard rats as a dainty, their masters not providing them with any other meat. Their method of cooking the toothsome rodents was to impale each one on a long wooden skewer, after cleaning the animal and cutting off the tail, turning it briskly around over a fire until the hair was all burned off. Then it was scraped until free from fur, and finally the end of the skewer was stuck into the ground, inclined toward the fire, until it was toasted dry and crisp, thus being made ready for the meal.—Washington Star.

Stockings Kept Black.

Black stockings are apt to assume a greenish look after repeated washings. We are told that a simple way of preserving the color is to wash them in soap free of soda, and in the last rinsing water to add a tablespoonful of good vinegar. Wring them out and clap them into shape. A hot iron tends to destroy the color, particularly if they are wet.—New York Journal.

HOW FRENCH BANK BILLS ARE MADE.

More Than Four Hundred Persons Are Employed in Manufacturing Them.

All bills are issued by the Bank of France, which carries on the whole process of manufacture, including even that of the paper on which they are printed and the ink used. The paper factory is at La Ferte-sous-Jouarre, where linen rags are so treated as to produce a paper of a peculiar quality. This special paper is made, inspected, cut into sheets and shipped to Paris under the care of two of the bank officials, who are held responsible for every sheet.

The sheets are packed in bundles of 1,000 in each, and are printed in the basement of the bank building in Paris. As with the blank paper, the bills, in every stage of fabrication, are in charge of some official, who must account for every one which has come into his hands, either by showing it, or a receipt given for it by the official to whom he has handed it over. As the bank has sometimes printed 400,000 bills a day, and at such periods employs about 400 persons in the printing department, strict accounts are necessary to prevent loss, and an elaborate system of humbugging and checking is used.

A series of bills consists of 1,000, which are numbered from 1 to 1,000, and twenty-five series, lettered A, B, C, etc., and tied up together, under the name of an "alphabet." After each operation, the bills are verified by women, who sign their names on the band placed around the bundles. As there are nine operations, there must be nine verifications, and the final verification is repeated, by a fresh set of inspectors, so that nothing can be overlooked. After the bills are complete they are delivered to the secretary of the bank, who examines them and gives a receipt for them, discharging the head of the printing department from further responsibility. They are then placed in the vaults and are withdrawn for issue only by order of the governors of the bank.

The principal difficulty in regulating the accounts comes from the defective bills. No bill is allowed to pass the inspectors which shows a spot, an uneven margin, a defect in printing or any other imperfection, and the bills thrown out must be recorded in the books with quite as much accuracy as those which pass successfully to the final stage. Every bill rejected by the inspectors is stamped, and its place in the series filled by a check. The stamped bills go to the secretary of the bank, who puts them under lock and key, and new bills, corresponding to the checks, are printed, and credit is given to the paper manufactory for the paper necessary to make these.

The accounts of the "faulted" bills are carried through the books and for verification the stamped bills themselves are kept for five years. At the end of that time, if there has been no question about them, the regents of the bank, the secretary, the examiners, the chiefs of the printing department, and the chiefs of the department of bill accounts join in signing an order, in pursuance of which they are taken from the vaults and destroyed.—Le Genie Civile.

Profits of Sleeping Cars.

An operating official who knows considerable about sleeping cars, their cost and profit remarked: "Sleeping cars pay big money and when one knows the cost of operating them it is no wonder. A new car costs, good, strong and modern, anyway from $8,000 to $10,000, although you hear of them worth twice that sum. However, those costly cars don't get outside the shops. Well, the railroad companies pay three cents a mile for the privilege of hauling them, and the car will average 300 miles in twenty-four hours the year round, or nine dollars a day earnings. Say it only earns $3,000 a year, a low estimate, it will pay for itself in three years.

Now a ten section car has twenty berths, selling local at two dollars a berth, making the earning capacity per night forty dollars, not counting the day earnings. Of course sleepers don't carry full loads every night, but if they did not average ten passengers a day we would not haul them on our road. Now, we pay for ice, water and fuel, and insure the cars—that is, we repair them when wrecked or injured. The sleeping car company pays a porter twenty-five dollars a month at the most, a conductor ninety dollars and has to furnish linen and soap. It is not difficult to see how the sleeping car companies pay dividends.—Indianapolis Journal.

Advice to Girls.

Don't conclude that a man is a gentleman because he has the manners of one.

Don't think because a man is a graceful and interesting talker that he is everything else.

Don't fail to take a man at his word when he says he is poor.

Don't be familiar with men, and don't permit familiarities from them.

Don't think because a man likes you that he wants to marry you.

Don't think a man is not in love with you because he has not proposed to you.

Don't be silly about the men.

Don't be rude to a man in order to show your independence.

Don't let a man impose upon you, simply because he is a man.

Don't believe everything a man tells you, either about himself or yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Boys.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Grandma Toogood, "them boys ought not to be playin football. The newspapers says that the Maydover players aren't 'strong in their backs.' I shouldn't think the fakelty would let 'em, should you?"

"No, indeed, grandma," replied Tom seriously. "It is very dangerous. Why, you can't count on some of those poor fellows for anything more than a quarter back."—Boston Post.

Many Dust Particles.

In his own labotatory Mr. Aitken calculated 30,000,000 of dust particles in a cubic inch of air, near the ceiling 88,000,000, and above a Bunsen flame the infinite number of 489,000,000.—Good Words.

SCROFULA

eczema,
tetter, boils,
ulcers, sores,
rheumatism, and
catarrh, cured
by taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It
purifies,
vitalizes, invigorates,
and enriches
the blood.

Has Cured Others

will cure you.

The Average Sleeping Room.

Look into the sleeping room of the laborer, the clerk, the mechanic, where they spend from seven to nine hours of the twenty-four. Generally they are the smallest and most inconvenient rooms in the house; on the shady side, with one window, precluding any thorough ventilation. Even this one window may be so arranged that the wind will blow directly on the sleeper's head if left open at night. Perhaps there is a small closet where, for want of other room, soiled clothing, boots, shoes and other belongings are kept. Oftentimes a row of hooks on the wall is the only apology for a closet, and the clothing hung on them adds to the general stuffiness of the room.

In this small, ill ventilated room two grown persons sleep, with a baby or small child added — sometimes both. What wonder that the children are cross and have no appetite in the morning? How can the parents be fitted for their daily labor, after sleeping in such a room? The boarding houses are no better, especially among the cheaper class, many sleeping rooms being hardly larger than a closet.—Good Housekeeping.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M P, 145 Moore st.; Charles Langale, S C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, I S.; J V Cook, O S.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G R Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 830 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Morris, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEnaney, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2074 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoynes, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 168 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C F. Meet 1st hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 482 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 533 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Uhlel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 369 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Parley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 503 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H O Lasua, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2012 Wentworth av; F M Meninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Eye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 69 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 598 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 499 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Farel, C R, 388 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S, 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F. Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 239 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] st; T Kelly, F S; W Whitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bittndaner, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Hawk st; Fred't Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Organ, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neet, Treas; Dr O W Fusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Sembsary av; L Rohrer, R S, 228 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cleero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brisski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 2127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 2127 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Hetterichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; E P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Helles, F S; Frank Fick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P M Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Legomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Wnandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Toefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 445 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J H Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; H H Powers, F S; M Orouin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington-st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 320 W Erie st.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2262 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 442 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Kielly, Rec. Sec., 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Luggan, Treas. Meet 1rst Sunday of each of month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rourke; Treas., J. W. McGachin. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorris hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec, F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield sts

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 3003 Farnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Jeremiah Herbert, 669 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 23—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 6455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 360, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec Sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. P. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1626 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3813 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5508 Jefferson av; V. P., H. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Dobrey, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 68th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3325 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 709 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 159 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

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Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. P. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty Meet the third Sunday each month at the W Twelfth st.

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Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. A Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts

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TO OUR FRIENDS AND SUBSCRIBERS: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, THE CITIZEN entered upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

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1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

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For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price. Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:

No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem-winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16.50 postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $25 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.10.

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No 617 is a solid gold hunting case watch, either Waltham or Elgin, ladies' size, with works just like those in No. 615. The case is a celebrated Brooklyn Granger. This watch is a stem winder and setter, and just as useful as No. 615, though it is somewhat plainer. Usual retail price $35 to $45. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $18.30.

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EDWARD J. McARDLE, ATTORNEY, 85 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET FAGAN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Fagan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, March 4, 1892.
PATRICK L. McARDLE,
Administrator of estate of said Margaret Fagan, deceased.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County, of the January term, A. D 1892. The Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, vs Josie Fitzgerald alias Josie Myron, Frank Myron, her alleged husband, and Mary A. Fitzgerald. In Chancery, No. 100,259

Notice is hereby given to the said Josie Fitzgerald, alias Josie Myron, and Frank Myron, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D., 1892, as it is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

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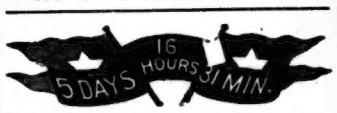

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DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ANN SHEEHAN, DECEASED. — All persons having claims against the estate of Ann Sheehan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, February 13, 1891.
MARY A. McCARTY, Administratrix.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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